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COVER: WINDIGO

Photograph by Morris Rosenfeld

This coming weekend, the 71-foot yawl *Windigo* will be hoisted aboard a freighter headed for Sweden, where she will be captained by Magnus Johnson in the 125th Anniversary Regatta of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club. Ten other American yachts are shipping over, two are racing across the Atlantic, one is cruising over, and another is already there. For a further report on one of the busiest ocean-racing seasons ever, turn to page 57.

Illustrated by Jerry O. Jones 54

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

ROGER BANNISTER'S OWN STORY

The greatest middle-distance runner of all time, the man who first achieved the four-minute mile, tells in warm and human terms the history of his running—as a child, as a boy, as a man. First of two parts

THE U.S. OPEN

An SI Preview of golf's climactic event, with map of the course, commentary by HERBERT WARREN WIND, a gallery of top golfers IN COLOR and a frank interview with Ben Hogan by JOAN FLYNN GREYSPOOL

SCOREBOARD A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Sander Tharos**, slim, 25-year-old Hungarian clerk who was too sick to run mile two days earlier, recovered quickly, thrived 50,000 London track fans with 8:33.4 two-mile race, shattered Gaston Reiff's existing world record by seven full seconds in his first attempt at distance. ● **Harace Ashenfelter**, veteran FBI agent, made pre-meet prediction stand up, turned in 8:49.6 clocking to break American two-mile standard at Compton, Calif., then hopped plane to New York where next day he ran 9:04.7 for NYAC games record. ● **Tom Skutka**, slender,

smooth-striding Morris Hills Regional H.S. senior, uncorked blazing sprint in home stretch, sped to U.S. high school mark of 4:19.5 for mile in New Jersey State Intercollegiate A.A. championships at New Brunswick. ● **Jacqueline Auriel**, attractive, fast-flying daughter-in-law of France's former president, zoomed 78-362 mph, set unofficial world air speed record for women, in Paris. ● **John and George Joseph** of Memphis maintained their balance on 314.1-mile punt down Mississippi River, claimed world distance water-ski record at Memphis.

BASEBALL

Brooklyn Dodgers rolled along at merry pace in National League as **Roy Campanella** and **Duke Snider** sprayed home runs all over Ebbets Field, and big **Don Newcombe** continued to provide airtight pitching (as well as lusty hitting), stretched lead over surging Chicago Cubs to 7½ games. **Dodgers** took two of three from Pittsburgh, with unbeaten **Newcombe** hitting three homers to win eighth game 8-3, smashed Milwaukee 11-8, 13-2 as **Snider** belted three homers in first game, hammered out three wins over suffering St. Louis Cardinals, including 6-1 victory for **Newcombe**'s ninth. Red-hot **Dodgers** hit 23 home runs, seven by **Campy**, five by **Snider**.

Chicago Cubs dropped two games to Philadelphia, stormed into New York (see page 22) to trip Giants 4-1, 9-3, lost third game 3-2 to **Salt Maglie**, who won seventh straight, bounced back to take fourth 3-1 on **Frank Baumholtz**'s pinch home run in ninth. Milwaukee got up steam, tore off three in row over Phillies 4-3, 11-5, 5-4, moved into fourth place while St. Louis slumped to sixth. Cincinnati rookie right-hander **Rady Rinzler** turned in week's best pitching, tossed one-hitter in 6-0 win over cellar-dwelling Pittsburgh Pirates.

New York Yankees split pair with Washington, throttled Kansas City in three contests, got Mexican standoff in four-game series with third-place Chicago White Sox to increase American League lead to four games. **Bob Turley** was beaten twice, by Washington 3-2, Chicago 3-2, but superb relief hurling by **Tom Morgan** saved two games, earned victory in third for him. **Mickey Mantle** hit 12th and 13th home runs, moved into tie with Kansas City's **Gus Zernial** for league lead.

Cleveland began week by splitting two games with Chicago, took three from Baltimore, then ran into trouble—lost three to Senators before winning 6-3 to hold second place by ½ game over Chicago.

Detroit Tigers bowed twice to Kansas City, struggled back to run off five in row over Senators and Baltimore before last-place Orioles snapped seven-game losing streak with 6-5 victory. **Washington** broke even in eight games, took over fifth place while **Boston Red Sox**, despite two home runs by **Ted Williams**, dropped to sixth.

GOLF

Joe Conrad, slight, 21-year-old Texan, battled high winds and driving rainstorms, gave "little whistle before each putt," dropped big 8-footer on 27th hole, resolutely hammered out 3 and 2 triumph over England's **Alan Slater** to capture British

Amateur at St. Anne's (see page 41). **Ed Fargol**'s 72 and **Patty Berg**'s 77 over San Francisco's tough Olympic Club layout was target of estimated 180,000 duffers of four nations who competed in LPGA-sponsored National Golf Day. Among approximately 35,000 who best Fargol and Berg: 87-year-old **Ellen Hogg** of New York; 12-year-old **Harry Huff** of Pittsburgh.

Sam Snead went over 70 in only one of five rounds, wound up with record-breaking 65 over Desdale Golf Club course, piled up 46 points to finish far ahead of **Johnny Palmer** of Baden, N.C. and **Peter Thomson**, British Open champion from Australia, in Palm Beach round-robin at Great Neck, N.Y.

Louise Suggs, veteran Cincinnati shot-maker, blasted par with last round 63, made up seven-stroke deficit to edge **Fay Crocker** of Uruguay 291 to 292 in Eastern women's pro tournament at Redding, Pa.

TRACK AND FIELD

Wes Santee, perennial pursuer of elusive four-minute mile, got competition from **Bobby Seaman**, UCLA sophomore, and **Fred Dwyer**, his old sparring mate, was pushed to 4:01.2 clocking in invitation mile at Compton, Calif. **Seaman** was close second in 4:01.4, followed by **Dwyer** in 4:01.3.

Bobby Morrow, Abilene Christian's lanky, swift-sprinting freshman, ran 160-yard dash in 9:09.1 with aid of 7-mph wind which thwarted hope for world record, won 220 in 9:29.9 to lead his school to NAIA championship at Abilene, Tex.

BOXING

Paddy Young, veteran left-hooking Greenwich Village, N.Y. middleweight, bruised, battered and cut up boring-in **Billy McNece** to take 10-round decision at New York's Madison Square Garden. Once top-ranking contender, **Young** has had only four bouts since 1933, recently got himself new manager with "connections." **Paddy's** postfight comment: "It took me 10 years to get smart. Maybe I'll get somewhere, now that **Dewey Bentham** [race track confederate of **Jim Morris**] is my manager."

Pascual Perez, Argentina's bull-necked world flyweight champion, battered ex-husband **Yoshio Shirai** helpless, won by KO in five rounds at Tokyo.

Art Aragon, aggressive Los Angeles welterweight, was floored in third round, badly hurt in sixth but unleashed two-fisted attack in closing minutes to earn 10-round decision over **Dan Jordan** before 16,400 disappointed fans who paid \$16,250 to crowd into Los Angeles' Olympic Auditorium in hopes of seeing **Aragon** beaten.

Pete Moran, Philadelphia matchmaker for

Premoter **Herman (Muggsy) Taylor**—already charged with participating in sham contest (fight between drugged **Harold Johnson** and **Julio Mederos**) and with being **Johnson's** undercover manager—was in more hot water this week. Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission, in midst of broad investigation of boxing in state, threw book at **Moran**, who was arrested on perjury charge, released in \$3,500 bail for grand jury action.

HORSE RACING

Hellscope, **William G. Hells Jr.**'s bay 4-year-old who set three track records in four 1953 starts, barbed it out with top-weighted (133 pounds) **High Gun** in spectacular stretch duel, got his head in front at wire to capture \$88,250 Suburban Handicap at Belmont Park, N.Y.

Nance's Lad, who snapped Boston Doge's long winning streak, bided time in early going, moved into lead on final turn, took off to win by four and a half lengths in \$51,500 Peter Pan Handicap at Belmont Park.

Swags, handsome chestnut Kentucky Derby winner, put on sparkling show for 62,752 horse-lovers in first race since Louisville classic, breezed to 12-length victory in \$27,150 Will Rogers Stakes at Hollywood Park, Calif.

TENNIS

Tony Trabert got off to shaky start, dropped 2-6 set to Sweden's **Sven Davidson**, stormed back with smashing service and brilliant net game to win next three 6-1, 6-4, 6-2 in singles final, then teamed with **Vic Seixas** to beat Italy's **Orlando Sirola** and **Nicolas Pietrangeli** 6-1, 4-6, 6-2, 6-4 in doubles at French championships in Paris.

Doris Hart, even-tempered, smooth-stroking U.S. champion from Coral Gables, Fla., showed little emotion while losing hour-long 9-11 first set to second-ranked **Louise Brough** of Beverly Hills, Calif., settled down to win 6-2, 6-2 in Northern tournament at Manchester, England.

WEIGHT LIFTING

Paul Anderson, beefy 341-pound "Dixie Derrick," flexed his oversize muscles, warmed up with record 390-pound press, added 320-pound snatch, completed night's work with 435-pound lift in two-hands clean and jerk for another new mark and 1,145-pound total that unofficially exceeded **Narbert Schemansky**'s world standard, became "world's strongest man," in AAU championships at Cleveland. **Bantamweight Charles Vinci** of Cleveland also set new AAU records of 260 pounds for clean and jerk and 630 for combined total.

**JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Questions:

**Should the U.S. go all out
to build an Olympic team
that can beat Russia in
1956? (Asked at American
Newspaper Publishers
Assn. convention)**

RICHARD W. CLARKE, New York City

**The News
Executive Editor**



"Your question implies that the U.S. should frankly subsidize its Olympic team. That would be a very great mistake if we are to observe the amateur standing of our athletes. Once subsidized, how could these athletes compete after 1956 with Simon Pines in this country?"

PALMER HOYT, Denver

**Denver Post
Editor and Publisher**



"I sure do. We are an athletic nation. The Russians are making it a government project. We should comb the country for our best athletes. What's wrong with going all out? I've always thought we could field a better Olympic team than we've done in the past. We seem to do it as a side line."

RICHARD W. SLDGUM, Philadelphia

**ANPA
President**



"Yes, but I don't think the U.S. government should subsidize our effort or our athletes. We should have an Olympic committee in

each state to encourage and train athletes from the town level on up. The Army and Navy can make it easier for their athletes to train in weather resembling Australia's."

GEORGE C. BIGGERS, Atlanta, Ga.

**Journal and
Constitution
President**



committee, why can't we? If they use pros why can't we at least use our semipro? We should play the same rules and not be beaten by professionals."

CHARLES F. McCAHILL, Wiloughby, Ohio

**Cleveland Plain Dealer
General Manager**



"Yes. Newspapers throughout the country should take the lead. One thing that people everywhere understand is sports. If we send an Olympic team strong enough to hold its own, the Russians will respect us more and there will be better feeling in both countries."

PHILIP CHANDLER, Pasadena, Calif.

**Los Angeles Times
General Manager**



"Yes. We should build the best possible Olympic team, but only on a strictly amateur basis. Money means a lot. With

enough money, the boys and girls can be given proper training and plenty of it. I'm sure there are lots of them we don't know about who would make good competitors."

FRED I. ARCHIBALD, Baltimore, Md.

**News-Post & American
Publisher**



"Yes, everything ethical and honorable to win and leave the impression that the American way of life is a good way to live. The newspapers in each state should raise money and stage eliminations. If Russia cleans up, it will be a great face-lifting for them in the Far East."

ROY HOWARD, New York City

**Scripps-Howard
Newspapers
Chairman Executive
Committee**



"I don't think we should make a greater effort than we've made in other Olympics. There are just games, for fun. Let's play them as we've always done. To go all out, just to beat the Russians, would make it a contest between Russia and the U.S. How would other competing nations feel?"

ALICIA PATTERSON, Port Washington, N.Y.

Newsday
Editor and Publisher



"I don't think we should alter our amateur standing just because the Russians have corrupted theirs. But I think we should go all out in the Olympics. Whether we win or lose is unimportant. What is important is that we make the most of this opportunity for a mingling of minds."

WILLIAM DWIGHT, Helyoke, Mass.

ANPA
Vice President



"Yes, but not just to beat the Russians. Sports give a terrific spur to national pride. This the Russians will know. If we lose we will take it in stride, but defeat for us would give the Russians a big propaganda lift. For us it's like Yale beating Princeton. I'm a Princeton man."

JOYCE SWAN, Minneapolis

Minneapolis Star & Tribune
General Manager



"No, not in the way the Russians are preparing. There is a continuing program of athletics under government subsidy. I believe we should intensify our efforts and the training of athletes in the American tradition. So, if we lose to professionals, we will lose as amateurs."

NEXT WEEK'S QUESTION:

What is the basic appeal
behind professional wrestling?

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FOR FOUR DAYS beginning next Thursday the world's greatest golfers will play for the United States Golf Association's 55th Open Championship on the lake course of San Francisco's Olympic Country Club. The event will draw an expected 50,000 spectators and the undivided attention of the entire golf world. The best reason for this, I think, lies in a comment one former winner of the Open made to me not long ago: "The importance of winning this tournament is like nothing else in golf. In terms of prestige a victory lasts forever. And because of that everybody is shooting to win and nobody is interested in finishing second."

With stakes that high, the 72-hole struggle each year has a tension and excitement all its own, regardless of the final scores. Next week's SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will appear on the opening day of the tournament, with a cover picture of last year's winner, Ed Furgol, and with its own new trademark in sports journalism: a PREVIEW. Our PREVIEW will include a map of the deceptively difficult, 6,700-yard course; a background of the U.S. Open and pre-tee-off reports on the players by Herb Wind; a revealing conversation with the reticent Ben Hogan, who has won the Open four times; a color gallery of the tournament's best-known golfers.

Next week also in San Francisco, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will present an exhibit called *The Art of Golf*. The idea for the exhibit was born some months ago when SI's SPORT IN ART editor, Elaine St. Maur, met with Richard Gump, a member of the U.S. Open Committee and president of Gump's unique emporium in San Francisco, where the exhibit will be shown. The result is a selection of 57 items ranging from a contemporary abstraction down to a 17th Century Rembrandt etching of the game of *kolf*, and includes photographs from SI's own black-and-white and color files.

During the summer the exhibit will appear as a side-light to some of the nation's big golf tournaments. In July it will move to The J. L. Hudson Co. in Detroit in conjunction with the PGA Championship; and in September to Thalheimer Brothers in Richmond, Va., during the playing of the U.S. Amateur.



The accompanying picture shows the 17th green of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club in 1881. It is part of the exhibit and part of the enduring pageant of golf.

Harry Phillips



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CIRCULATION NOTE

THIS MAGAZINE, which has proudly watched its list of readers grow, month by month, has discovered four new ones. Their names: Lieutenant Lyle W. Cameron, Lieutenant Roland W. Parks, Captain Harold E. Fischer Jr. and Lieut. Colonel Edwin L. Heiler—all USAF. Their old mailing address: Chinese Communist military prisons in Mukden and Peiping.

The recently released fliers, who resisted Red brainwashing attempts for over two years, told reporters in Honolulu that the Communists allowed them access to the prison library, which included a heavy fare of French classics and Communist publications but no American newspapers. However, they did receive one American magazine regularly—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. It was sent to Cameron from Lincoln, Neb. by his 17-year-old brother Bob, who each week airmailed his own subscription copy to China. The magazine was delivered by the Communists 18 to 25 days late. The only trouble, said Cameron, was "the Commies always read it first and some of the parts were cut out." SI was devoured avidly by the four U.S. airmen, cover to cover, item by item, ad by ad. "It sure helped a lot," said Cameron.

WHAT IS LEFT?

WHEN Hillary and Tenzing struggled up the last few feet of Everest's summit ridge to stand atop the world's highest mountain on a May morning in 1953, the question naturally arose:

What is left? The mountaineer had a ready answer: Kanchenjunga.

Kanchenjunga is the world's third highest mountain and certainly one of its most beautiful. While Everest hides behind protective ranges of lesser peaks, and such giants as K2 and Nanga Parbat are seen only by explorers who have toiled through miles of wilderness to reach them, the gleaming fortress of ice and snow which is Kanchenjunga rises 28,146 feet in solitary splendor only 45 miles north of the city of Darjeeling in northeast India. But Kanchenjunga is more than just a spectacle—it has long been considered the most dangerous and difficult of all the great Himalayan peaks to climb.

A few exploratory expeditions circled its base during the middle and late 19th Century and two feeble, ill-planned attempts were made to climb on the mountain. But Kanchenjunga's greatest pioneer, Douglas Freshfield, apparently spoke for all the mountain men of his time when in 1899 he took a last lingering look and sadly admitted strong doubts as to the possibility of man's ever ascending Kanchenjunga. "It is guarded," he said, "by the Demon of Inaccessibility."

Still, attempts had to be made. So the Bavarians tried, and failed, in 1929. The next year a picked team of Swiss and English and French tried

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

If Nashua wins the Belmont Stakes this week look for a two-horse match race in August between Nashua and Swaps, the Kentucky Derby winner, for \$75,000, winner take all (see page 20).

In a coupling week for golf, Lieut. Joe Conrad, 25-year-old U.S. Air Force officer from San Antonio, Texas, became the sixth American in the last 10 years to win the British Amateur. . . . Veteran Sam Snead posted a final-round 65 to beat the crowd of the stay-at-homes and win the \$15,000 Palm Beach round-robin on Long Island . . . and some 180,000 everyday golfers turned out on their local courses—in the fourth annual LIFE-PGA National Golf Day competition to try to beat Ed Furgol's 72 (or Patty Berg's 77) for self-satisfaction and charity . . . some 35,000 did.

Stanford's "orphan" crew (rowing is not budgeted as a sport by the Stanford athletic

department and oarsmen pay their own expenses) beat California in a dual three-mile race for the first time in 38 years at Redwood City, Calif. and prepared to blow \$2,600 on a trip to the intercollegiate championship regatta at Syracuse, N.Y.

Bandleader Guy Lombardo—who quit big-time speedboat racing after Stanley Sayre's *Sio-Mos* outdistanced his *Tempo VI*—has acquired a *Tempo VII* in brand new 170-mph hydroplane and will try to regain the Gold Cup on Seattle's Lake Washington this August.

Freshman Sprinter Bobby Morrow of Little Abilene (Texas) Christian College ran 180 yards in 9.1 seconds (with a 7-mile breeze at his back) in the NAIA meet at Abilene. The wind spoils a record but Freshman Morrow overnight became one of the most promising figures in a new, fast-growing generation of U.S. trackmen.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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again—and also failed, tragically, losing a famed Sherpa porter. In 1931 the Bavarians came back once more and two more climbers were killed in a fall on Kanchenjunga's treacherous slopes. After that everyone left the mountain alone.

Climbers turned instead to others among the "eight-thousanders," those 14 great Himalayan peaks which soar over 8,000 meters (roughly 26,250 feet) above sea level into the icy Asian sky, and which, until 1950, had resisted every effort made by puny man to scale their enormous heights. At that time the highest climbed mountain was Nanda Devi, still lofty enough (25,660 feet) that its British-American conquerors were asked by natives upon their descent in 1936, "What did London look like from up there?" But in 1950 the giants began to topple. That year the French battled their way up Annapurna (26,193). In 1953 came Everest itself (28,002) and a German conquest of deadly Nanga Parbat (26,660). Last year K2, the second highest mountain (28,250), was climbed by an Italian team, and the Austrians won their duel with Cho Uyo (26,750). Last month a French group ascended Makalu (27,790).

Last week word flashed out of far-away Darjeeling that Kanchenjunga, too, had toppled. A nine-man team of British climbers led by Dr. Charles Evans, member of the 1953 Everest expedition, had gone to within five vertical feet of the summit, stopping only in deference to the religious feelings of the native Sikkimese, who believe their gods live up there. It was a feat hailed by mountaineers the world over. Said Sir John Hunt, leader of the Everest ascent, just before Evans and his party set out: "There is no doubt that those who first climb Kanchenjunga will achieve the greatest feat in mountaineering, for it is a mountain which combines in its defenses not only the severe handicaps of wind, weather and very high altitudes, but technical climbing problems and objective dangers of an order even higher than those we encountered on Everest." Said Dr. Charles Houston of Exeter, N.H., America's leading Himalayan expert who was on the Nanda Devi ascent and later led two expeditions to K2: "It's incredible, fantastic."

So once again the question arises: What is left? Well, there is still the peak of Lhotse (27,890), fourth highest known to man but really part of

the Everest uplift and not a separate mountain at all. And Dhaulagiri (26,811) and Manaslu (26,668) and a few more still safely out of the foothill class. And there are great mountains to be re-climbed by different routes and, perhaps, without the aid of oxygen. But like the four-minute mile, which psychologically if not physically becomes shorter every day, the great mountains are shrinking. "All the high ones," said Houston, "are falling like dominoes."

ORPHANS VICTORIOUS

SENATOR LELAND STANFORD may well be whirling in his sarcophagus now that the scholars he endowed on his spacious California farmlands have taken to boating. Through the years Stanford men have loved the great outdoors, but when it came to athletics they didn't go near the water. Then came the war and, like everything else, Stanford changed a little.

For instance, in 1916 some Stanford students thought it might be fun to take up rowing. They found a graduate student—a former coarsman at the University of California—who was willing to give them some basic pointers. They wiped the dust off a couple of ancient eight-oared shells donated by California and Washington during an earlier abortive effort to revive the sport (it had existed briefly before World War I).

In the early morning darkness, the Stanford oarsmen would drive several miles to unsheltered Palo Alto harbor for a couple of hours of prebreakfast rowing before the winds chopped up

San Francisco Bay. They paid all their own expenses since the college athletic department could find no place for rowing in its program. Pure amateurism was their only reward.

For a while this underpowered sport was just for the dedicated few, but it wasn't long before their enthusiasm began to spread. Coeds formed the Shell & Oar Society to help edge funds for the crew. Wealthy parents and old grads kicked in with occasional contributions. San Francisco sports writers took up the cause with public pleas. The oarsmen themselves contributed \$6 apiece in annual dues, paid for their own gas and meals on trips and would bunk in some hospitable fraternity house on a foreign campus. "Orphans of the water," they were called. This way and that, they met the annual



budget of \$5,000 (Ivy League colleges spend up to \$75,000 a year on rowing).

In 1950 Stanford was braced enough to enter its boat in the Intercollegiate Regatta at Marietta, Ohio, but they had to make a public appeal for \$2,600 to get there. To the surprise of everyone except themselves, they finished a respectable fourth behind Washington, California and Wisconsin, beating some of the East's best boats in the process. Still no help from their own college, however, and their only official recognition was a minor letter for the oarsmen.

Last year, nearby Redwood City gave the Stanford crew a strip of land for a boathouse hard by its sheltered harbor. Throughout the fall all hands turned to the task of building the boathouse with materials donated by a local construction firm, and only the freshmen—at the insistence of the older oarsmen—continued serious rowing. The money that would have gone toward an eastern trip for the varsity was put into the new accommodations.

It seems like a mighty long haul to Stanford's rowing pioneers, but after only nine years crew has been elevated to a major sport. As if to celebrate this exalted new status, the crew rowed second to Navy (beating their two foster parents, Washington and California) in the Western sprint championships. Saturday, proving it was no accident, Stanford took the measure of California by two and a half lengths in a three-mile race, and the



AFTER MANY A SUMMER . . .

*With great aplomb the diver leapt
Into his downward flight.
Perhaps I should have told him first
That drained the pool last night.*

—Irwin L. Stein

crew now looms as a real threat for the Intercollegiate at Syracuse this month. The ultimate accolade came from the Los Angeles alumni club, which has hitherto found little time for anything except promising football players. The club invited Crew Coach Lou Lindsey, a San Francisco investment counselor, to give them a talk. With justifiable pride, Lindsey gasped: "It's the first time they ever recognized us."

TROTSKY

EVER SINCE American tourists began flooding their country each summer, Spanish bullfight fans have found themselves obliged to explain over and over one of the most basic premises of *la corrida de toros*: "But, Señor, the bull is not *supposed* to win!" This is something, however, which does not have to be explained to a Spanish bull—a species of creature which seems—or at least seemed—to be completely incapable of producing a Cervantes, a Walter Reuther or a Mack Sennett. For generations, Spanish bulls have cooperated fully in the process of publicly reducing themselves to Grade B beef.

A few, it is true, have jumped the barrier around the bull ring and have chased attendants and photographers. In the 18th Century a bull got into the stands and actually assassinated the mayor of Torrejon. Such animals, however, are described as "cowardly," and even their fellow bulls seemed ashamed of them. But last week a veritable Trotsky among bulls—a beast of such scandalous impropriety as to be described only in superlatives—burst from the *Plaza de Toros* of Vista Alegre in suburban Madrid and did his best to wipe out the whole population of the capital of Spain.

Though both young and small he heathed audacity from the very beginning. He charged the torero, made one contemptuous pass at the cape, and then leaped the fence as neatly as Rin-tin-tin on the trail of a bank bandit. Almost instantly he punched a large and painful hole in the right buttock of one Miguel Rodriguez, a bartender. Then he attacked the nearest portion of the arena's outer fence, smashed out a door, galloped into the street. Just outside stood Enrique Pin Cerrillo, a young man who was in the act of trying to sneak into the stands free. The bull sent him flying into the air. He butted a 74-year-old woman, wounded a man named Aniceto de Frutos Anton and took off for downtown.

Behind him poured thousands of electrified spectators from the bull ring—some of whom trampled a 10-year-old boy named Antonio Diegues Sanz into near-unconsciousness in the process of reaching the street. Behind him, too, came the local commander of the armed *Guardia Civil*—who ordered his soldiers to commandeer automobiles, close off nearby bridges and shoot to kill on sight of the taurine rebel. The rebel, however, was hard to catch; while the *Guardia* was pelting after him he fractured the shoulder blade of an aspiring bullfighter who attempted to subdue him and tore the clothes off Afrodisio Carrasco, a fellow who was simply trying to escape.

The delay, however, enabled a soldier to get within range. He leveled his rifle, pulled the trigger—and shot a 22-year-old housewife in the elbow. Trotsky hustled on, scattering the horrified populace. He was a mile from the bull ring when a harricade of automobiles finally brought him to bay, when a soldier shot him in the shoulder at a range of 20 feet, and an ex-matador named Domingo Dominguin (brother of the famous Luis Miguel) finished

him off with a most inelegant weapon, a borrowed butcher knife. It would be only fitting to be able to report that Trotsky smiled on passing, or muttered, "How do you like them apples?" just before the fatal stroke. Such, alas, was not the case. But it must be remembered that revolutionaries often lack humor and that Trotsky was probably so winded at this point that he wasn't able to say anything.

JURIDICAL PROBLEM

THE FORTHRIGHT prose style of the untrammelled American sportswriter has in the past been little hindered by consideration for the tender psyches of prizefighters. The word "bum" has been used freely, and the courage of boxers has been questioned bluntly without thought that these uses of the language were more than the natural right of critics, whether of sports or drama. After all, prizefighting is a sport which lives by display of skill and courage.

But it seems now that Vincent X. Flaherty of the Los Angeles *Examiner*

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may have gone too far in some reminiscences of Lou Nova's performance in the 1941 heavyweight title fight with Joe Louis. Nova sued for \$200,000 and a jury has just awarded him \$35,000. Flaherty had written:

"Nova was like a frightened, screaming child at vaccination time. He didn't throw a punch but got hit by only one and seemed happy about the whole defeat. They lugged his carcass and towed it in abject disgrace toward his corner. He smiled bravely in the safety of his dressing room, wiping out the manliness of every victory he had ever won. . . ."

That was the fight before which Nova proclaimed that his studies in yoga had equipped him with a "cosmic punch." It was the fight after which sportswriters wrote:

"[Nova] is a spectacular bum."—Dave Egan, Boston Record.

"Nova [seemed] frightened stiff."—Bill Corum, New York Journal-American.

"All [Nova] showed against the champ was timidity and two left feet."—Dan Parker, New York Mirror.

"I suppose it is no secret that I didn't land one good punch. . . ."—Lou Nova, New York Journal-American.

Joe Louis, who knocked out Nova in the sixth, testified by deposition that Nova "acted frightened" throughout the fight.

Another distinguished former heavyweight champion, Gene Tunney, testified that, though Nova previously had defeated Max Baer by "sheer guts," there was no such display of courage in the Louis fight.

As for the plaintiff, Nova's explanation of the events leading up to the tragedy was clear and simple. In New York, rehearsing for his part of Big Julie in *Gay and Dolls*, Nova said he had fought under the restraint of shrewd and vigorous instructions from his corner to stay away from Louis for 10 of the 15 rounds. He tried and, had he been able to do it, this would have been good strategy. Only three months before, Billy Conn, facing Louis for the first time, outboxed the champion for most of their 13-round fight until a swollen ego told Conn to abandon science for the careless rapture of trading punches.

In the years since the Louis fight Nova has worked in the movies, in television and night clubs. During the past year he has been taking lessons in the dramatic arts from Frank Fay, an

actor who starred opposite an invisible rabbit in *Harvey*, and in that time Nova has enjoyed great success in Wilkes-Barre, Pa. and Dayton, Ohio. Fay has been teaching Nova to recite poetry, which could be Fay's greatest role if anyone wants to write another *Pygmalion*, and plans to present the new Nova in recitations of Shelley, Keats and Shakespeare at Carnegie Hall this potentially memorable autumn. By way of preparation Nova has memorized—and freely recites—many poems, including one by Eugene Field, *The Duel*, which tells of a ferocious nursery fight between a calico cat and a gingham dog.

This raises a question. If Brooks Atkinson, the drama critic, should look in on Lou Nova, the actor, and decide that Nova has stunk up Carnegie Hall what can Brooks Atkinson say without fear of libel? Can he charge that Nova timorously succumbed to stage fright? Can he say that Nova was too yellow to read *The Highwayman* when all the audience expected that he would get in there and do it tribute? Can he even imply that, if Charles Laughton had been reciting, Laughton would have delivered far more lip-spray than the dry-mouthed Nova was capable of?

These are precarious times for sports-writers and drama critics and we had all better be wary until the Supreme Court settles the matter.

'YOUSE IS DEAF'

UMPIRE PETE JAWORSKY, of the Three-Eye League, has now invited the attention of baseball fans to the hearing as well as the eyesight and ancestry of himself and his colleagues. It happened during a game between Keokuk and Cedar Rapids when the latter's Third Baseman-Manager Ray Perry socked a ball over the center field fence for an apparent home run. However, when the ball struck a metal scoreboard several feet behind the fence and bounced back on the playing field, it was all Perry could do to make second base in a slide.

In the waning twilight Umpire Jaworsky couldn't be sure whether the ball had struck the fence or the scoreboard. He ambled out to center field and heaved a ball against the scoreboard to test the sound. Turning back to his duties he ruled that Perry had, in fact, scored a home run. Umpire Jaworsky thus introduced a new chapter in baseball's continuing story: the empirical decision by ear.

SPECTACLE

THE 24-HOUR TEST

France's great race, the round-the-clock grind at Le Mans, is the most famous sports car competition in the world

For almost 12 months of the year the French provincial town of Le Mans lives quietly and industriously. But on the second Saturday in June the silence gives way to the roar of high-compression engines, the incessant meshing of gears, the whine of hard-braked tires on asphalt and the cheers of some 250,000 people. It is the Le Mans 24-hour Grand Prix of Endurance for sports cars.

From 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon, when the 250,000 spectators watch the drivers sprint across the road to their gleaming sports cars for the start, until the same time on Sunday the 8.38-mile circuit is closed to all normal road traffic. Italian Ferraris (last year's winner), British Jaguars (like the one at right driven to second place in 1954 by Tony Rolt), German Mercedes, American Cunninghams and other famous sports cars whiz along at speeds as high as 165 mph through darkness, opaque early morning fog, rain or sunshine until the new champion of what the French call *les vingt-quatre heures* is crowned. For prospects in this week's Le Mans, see page 19.

Photograph by Robert Gorenz





At the start of the 24-hour Le Mans grind, before 250,000 spectators and beneath a flowering



of international flags, 57 race drivers from six countries sprint across the track to their cars

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U.S. hopes for its first LeMans victory will be riding again this year with Briggs Cunningham, whose third and fifth place with his C4R design (above) last year was best ever by a U.S. team

WATCH FOR MERCEDES

Experts pick the Germans to win at Le Mans, but competition from Ferraris and Jaguars will be stiff, with engine or driver failure always a threat to all entries

THIS SATURDAY, 60 of the most carefully groomed sports cars in the world will begin an automotive battle royal to determine the world's toughest sports car. The site of the race is an 8.38-mile lopsided rectangle of asphalt (see map below) stretching over the rolling fields of France's Department of Sarthe near the town of Le Mans. For 24 hours, through sunlight and sunset, darkness and fog, sun again or rain, they will speed over the tricky course in an exacting 2,500-mile test of speed and endurance.

The winning car needs a cooling mechanism able to carry a hot engine through a June afternoon and an electrical system supplying enough light to navigate the tricky turns at night. It needs powerful brakes to decelerate for turns, quick pickup to accelerate to top speed for the time-saving dash down the straightaways. The gear box must accept 500 shifts an hour and meet the demand for rapid shifting from fourth gear at 150-plus mph to low gear at 40 mph in 400 yards to corner at the frightening Mulsanne turn or satisfy the only slightly less rigorous demands of the 60-mph maximum at Tertre Rouge. The pit crew must be fast and efficient. Finally, the car requires a driver who can keep the pedal down on the straightaways, maneuver the killing Mulsanne and Tertre Rouge turns and finesse the equally challenging stretch near the middle of the west straightaway (the White House), where a mild jog presents a dangerous hazard to drivers reluctant to slow down.

On paper the team that comes closest to filling these essentials is Mercedes-Benz. Their 300SLR cars, believed able to do 180 mph, scored a spectacular win in the Mille Miglia, with Stirling Moss first and World Champion Driver Juan Manuel Fangio second. At Le Mans, Moss and Fangio will co-drive one of three Mercedes. Backing up the drivers will be Team Manager Alfred Neubauer, who will bring his usual efficiency to the pits and his vast Teutonic thoroughness to the study of the course.

Mercedes opponents are not conceding the race. They point out that the Mille Miglia lasts less than half as long as Le Mans and the staying power of the Mercedes has not been tested. They are comforted by the failure of two Mercedes entries in Grand Prix racing at Monaco. Suffered competition for Mercedes may be furnished by D-type Jaguars, which were not in the Mille Miglia. Duncan Hamilton and Tony Rolt, winners in 1953, second in 1954, will be a team. Mike Hawthorn will take another car. The Jaguar has boasted last year's 260 hp to 290.

This year's Ferrari is a lighter, equally fast, far more maneuverable model than the hulking car driven to first place last year by Jose Froilan Gonzalez and Maurice Trintignant. But Gonzalez is out this year because of injury, and with the death of Alberto Ascari, who was to be borrowed from Lancia (not entered this year), Ferrari depends on Trintignant and Pan-American Winner Umberto Maglioli. The Ferrari's brakes are considered weak. Rain would be a help, since deceleration would depend

more on gears. The Ferrari also showed oil-system weakness in the Mille Miglia when three of four entries quit.

Briggs Cunningham, the driver beneath the American flag (left), represents the U.S.'s slim hope for victory. After several tremendous, expensive and unsuccessful efforts to win at Le Mans, Cunningham has only one Cunningham Special entered this year, and that has a Meyer-Drake-Offenhauser engine, designed for methanol and detuned for the required 80-octane used at Le Mans. Cunningham, who will co-drive with Sherwood Johnston, also is entering a factory D-Jaguar.

Maseratis, Aston-Martins, Gordinis, Porsches, Ocas and Panhards will be on hand. Except for handicap honors for the latter four these appear to be going just for the grind.

First prize at Le Mans is only \$2,857, but the stakes are far higher. Victory sells thousands of dollars worth of sports cars. As one expert remarks: "It's not just a matter of honor, it's business." Mercedes, which passed up Le Mans in 1953 '54, is definitely open for business in 1955. (END)

LE MANS'S 8.38 MILES



Toughest turns at Le Mans are Tertre Rouge, one mile from start, and Mulsanne, at end of the four-mile straightaway where cars hit top speed. White House is one mile before pits.

THE BIG NEWS: SWAPS

Washington Park is the agreed track, 1¼ miles the route and \$75,000 the proposed purse for a two-horse match race to settle the season's rich 3-year-old championship

by WHITNEY TOWER

THE BIG RACING NEWS of the week is that California-bred Swaps—victor in the Kentucky Derby—will meet Nashua, pride of the East, in a two-horse match race in Chicago on August 6. Place: Washington Park. Distance: the Derby distance of a mile and a quarter. Likely purse: \$75,000, winner take all. Entrepreneur: Ben Lindheimer, director of Washington and Arlington parks. Principals (other than Swaps and Nashua): California Owner Rex Ellsworth and New York Owner William Woodward Jr. Jockeys (very probably): Willie Shoemaker on Swaps, Eddie Arcaro on Nashua. Sole conditions: Nashua to win this week's Belmont and both horses to remain sound.

The match race would do as much as anything to rescue a potentially great 3-year-old season from complete indecisiveness. Interestingly enough, the story is not complete without an additional fact: Ben Lindheimer's intermediary with Rex Ellsworth and Bill Woodward was none other than wide-ranging Don Ameche who, many believed, had given up his role as public benefactor when he invented the telephone for Twentieth Century-Fox in 1939.

SI is pardonably proud to announce these developments since for some time we have been proposing just such a race as a most logical way to help settle the question of 3-year-old supremacy. Following Swaps's brilliant and convincing length-and-a-half victory over Nashua in the Kentucky Derby, the sad news quickly spread that they were not to meet in the Preakness and Belmont Stakes. Ellsworth races Swaps in California, Woodward races Nashua in the East.

In our May 23 issue we suggested that Nashua and Swaps—provided both continued to rule their respective racing areas—might settle the 3-year-old title in a match race in Chicago between July 16 and August 29. (Nashua is nominated for Chicago's Arlington Classic on July 16, Swaps for the American Derby on August 29.) The proposal brought a lively response from readers. One letter from an Easterner named John McDonald (SI, May 30) deplored the fact that unless the best horses race the best the justification for the entire structure of thoroughbred racing crumbles to nothing, and the sport becomes merely a device for "gambling in the sun."

Last week we received another letter, presenting our California point of view. Jack Sloan, sports editor of the *Pomona Progress-Bulletin*, says in effect, "Yes, Mr. McDonald, but, after all, the champion lives in California, not in your East." Writes Sloan:

"I was most interested in John McDonald's letter (SI, May 30) expressing his dissatisfaction with the present Swaps-Nashua status, which leaves undecided the important question of 3-year-old supremacy. . . .



NASHUA, 1955 PREAKNESS RECORD-BREAKER, WILL REPRESENT EAST



EXUBERANT JOCKEYS will match skill, strategy in duel of champions—Willie Shoemaker on Swaps, Eddie Arcaro on Nashua.

VS. NASHUA AUGUST 6

"Although Swaps won the Kentucky Derby over Nashua in rather convincing fashion, there are many who feel one race wasn't a sufficient test of his superiority, including undoubtedly William Woodward.

"It seems to us, however, that if such a race is to come about it should be instituted by Woodward. Because of the Kentucky Derby result his horse now is playing the role of challenger—not the champion.

"I just talked to a source close to the horse's mouth—Mickey Tenney, Swaps's trainer. This is Swaps's schedule for the next months: he will be at Hollywood Park through most of July; he will be at Washington Park near Chicago through Labor Day, and from there he will go to Garden State in New Jersey.

"So if Woodward and Nashua would like another shot at the champion they know where he'll be. All they have to do is show up at one of those tracks.

"Would he have an objection to racing Swaps against Nashua again? 'Not in the least,' said Tenney, 'as long as Swaps is in good condition.'

"Does he feel Swaps would win again? 'I think so,' added Tenney, 'unless Nashua were much improved over his Kentucky Derby showing.' The Derby was run exactly to Nashua's desire, and therefore he felt certain Swaps had proved he was the better horse.

"Neither Tenney nor Ellsworth is playing hard to get with their horse nor are they looking for soft-touch races to win with Swaps. At Hollywood Park he will run against topflight horses, probably including Determine, last year's Kentucky Derby winner.

"They are justly proud of Swaps and confident of his ability. And barring any mishaps to Swaps in the meantime they will be glad to oblige Woodward, Nashua and a lot of racing fans when they return to the East."

The only way to get an authoritative response to this California doctrine was to wave it at William Woodward. Here is his reply:

"Mr. Sloan is absolutely correct when he says that Swaps is the champion and that Nashua is the challenger. We were beaten in the Derby, and Swaps is unbeaten this year. Swaps is undoubtedly the best 3-year-old in the country right now. As far as Nashua is concerned, we must now prove ourselves against the horses in the East. That means we must win the Belmont Stakes, which is where I believe supremacy in the East is proved nearly every year. If Nashua wins the Belmont we'll be glad to take advantage of any geographical position Swaps may be in—in order to offer him a challenge. But before we, as challenger from the East, can move toward meeting the champion of the West, we have to win the Belmont."

There it is. If all goes well, Ben Lindheimer will be staging the race of the year.

The rest will be up to the rival camps from California and New York—Owners Ellsworth and Woodward, Trainers Meshach Tenney and Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, Jockeys Willie Shoemaker and Eddie Arcaro. And—oh yes—two rousing race horses named Swaps and Nashua. **END**



SWAPS, KENTUCKY DERBY CONQUEROR OF NASHUA, UPHOLDS WEST



HAPPY ENTREPRENEUR behind the special race is Chicago's Ben Lindheimer, whose intermediary was Don Ameche (right).

HAPPY TRAVELERS FROM

Skeptics predicted the high-riding Cubs would flop on the road, but Stan Hack's fast-moving youngsters moved into New York, knocked over the Giants and took a firm grip on second place

by ROBERT CREAMER



FAMOUS SMILE of Manager Stan Hack lights up Cub dugout as he sits on team's bat trunk during pre-game batting practice. Genial Hack is highly popular with players.

JUST ABOUT the most cheerful band of traveling men in the country this week are the Chicago Cubs, a group of stalwart young athletes prowling through the ball parks of the eastern countryside under the amiable direction of smiling Stanley Hack (16/3). The Cubs were picked to go no place this year in the National League pennant race, certainly no higher than seventh. The Las Vegas gamblers, as conservative as such businessmen usually are, rated them no better than an 80-to-1 shot to finish on top. But last weekend, totting their trunks out of the Polo Grounds after a rousing series with the world champion New York Giants, the Cubs were a good deal closer to the runaway Brooklyn Dodgers than anybody else in the league.

Despite this the Cubs this season are in the curious position of the boy who cried wolf. Each year, it seems, the Cubs start off the season smartly, winning more games than anyone expects them to and racing past Memorial Day into June looking like a topflight baseball team. "Those Cubs are hot," the cry goes up. To other clubs, fighting for the pennant and worried by any challenge, it always sounds a little like "Wolf!" This year, with the Cubs solidly in second place as the National League pennant race passed Memorial Day, the Cubs are hot again.

But for years now, despite the warnings, there has never been a wolf. As one report from cynical Chicago puts it: "For the Cubs, June rhymes with swoon." Each season, just as the other teams begin to take notice of them, the Cubs have faded and died. They make threatening gestures toward the first division before Memorial Day only to stumble in June and quietly plummet, like lead in a shot tower, deep into the second division. Last season, for example, the Cubs were only 4½ games out of first place on Memorial Day. At the end of June they were 21½ games out. At the end of the season they were 33 games out. They have finished higher than seventh only once in the last seven years. They have not finished in the first division since 1946.

So it is little wonder that last week when June rolled around with the Cubs in second place, they were looked upon with a certain amount of reserve, if not suspicion.

No one dared to come right out and

CHICAGO

call the Cubs terrific, a real first-division team. They'd been fooled too many times before.

But neither did anyone want to say that the Cubs were nothing, that this was their annual spring efflorescence and that they were about to fold up on schedule. For, truth to tell, the Cubs looked pretty good.

As they invaded the East to open a June road trip in Philadelphia, they had won 15 of 18 games. They had had no long winning streak but a series of short ones, the mark of a good, steady team. They won four, lost one, won four again, lost another, won three, lost one, won four. They won games with brilliant pitching (Sam Jones had a no-hitter, Warren Hacker a one-hitter), superb fielding and timely, if sparse, hitting. The Cubs have the worst batting average in the league but they have hit more home runs than any team except the rampaging Dodgers. More than that, they have won games dramatically, melodramatically, outrageously.

The lead in the melodrama has been played by a lean young man named Bob Speake, who hit all of .264 for Des Moines last year and who had been to hit only eight times for the Cubs prior to May 2. Then veteran Outfielder Hank Sauer ate tainted shrimp and became ill with food poisoning. Speake, a first baseman by trade, was pressed into service as an outfielder and promptly caught fire. He hit a three-run triple against the Giants, a two-run homer to beat the Reds, a two-run homer to beat the Phils, a tenth-inning two-run homer to beat the Braves. He hit a home run to beat the Cardinals 1-0 in the first game of a double-header on May 25 and a run-producing double that provided the margin of victory in the second game. He hit a two-run homer in a 3-0 game against the Cards the next day. On Memorial Day he hit a two-run home run and batted in four runs as the Cubs beat the Cardinals 9-5 in the first game and won the second game with a home run in the eleventh inning. It was a very merry month of May for young Mr. Speake.

Despite all this Speake was not universally regarded as the prime reason for the Cubs' success.

"They got the most powerful pitching in the league," a New York Giant

continued on page 62



BEEFY JIM KING (above) hit three-run homer against Giants, is one of several young players who have vastly improved Cub outfield. Another who has helped is the veteran Edie Miksa (below), a converted infielder whom Hank calls the key to Cub success.



MIKSA SWINGS SAVAGELY at ball, is hitting harder than he ever did before. But Miksa, King and others must hit even harder to meet pace set by sensational Rookie Bob Speake (below), who hit 10 home runs, won nine games for Cubs during hot May run.



HORSES, HARNESS AND



MATTILY DRESSED JACK SEABROOK OF SEABROOK FARMS DRIVES HIS GLEANING COACH AND FOUR OUT OF GROUNDS OF BAGNOL HUNT CLUB



STRAW HAT shades Mrs. E. W. Shober Jr., watching with Mrs. Gouverneur Cadwalader.



DERBY HATS, glen plaid hacking suit and coachman's coat are worn by Jack Seabrook and Mrs. Arthur E. Pew Jr.



CHECKED APRON protects Mrs. Robert C.

HABERDASHERY

CLASS 68 of the Devon (Pa.) Horse Show—the country's largest outdoor show—is one of the most colorful anachronisms in the world of sport. It is the last remaining coaching marathon in America, a run for four-in-hand coaches, park drags or breaks along 8.6 miles of macadam road, from the heavily shaded Radnor Hunt Club in Delaware County to the blue-and-white tented Devon grounds in Chester County. To see them off last week at a pre-hitching luncheon at the Radnor Hunt, horse lovers gathered from Philadelphia Main Line farms, Virginia, New Jersey and New York. As they fanned out from the clubhouse after lunch toward the hitching area at the barns, the assemblage displayed a sporting look worthy of the event: silk top hats, bowlers, hacking suits, checked knee aprons and livery. The spectators thronged around the four entered vehicles to observe the hitching of Mrs. Robert C. Winnill's ponies and break, of the coaches and horses of the James K. Robinsons, John M. Seabrook and Dr. Clarkson Addis Sr. At 3:30, with a flourish of horns, the coaches, driven by their owners and carrying guests and footmen, curved down the graveled drive and headed for Devon. The winning team, judged on correctness of turnout and condition of the teams, was that of Crebilly Farm, owned by James and Gay Robinson of West Chester, Pa., two of the country's biggest coaching enthusiasts.



SILK TOPPER, leather hankie, stiff collar and cane make Isaac H. Clothier Jr. the most formal figure at the coaching marathon.



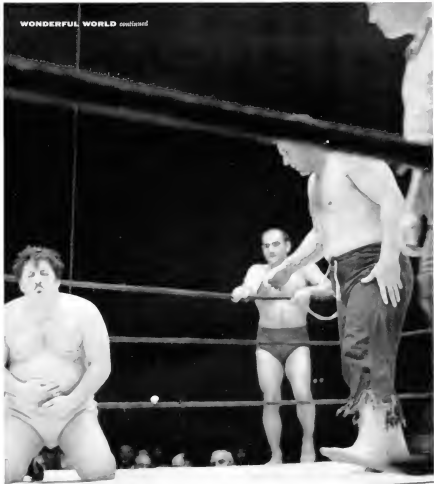
Winnill of Warrenton, Va. She won in 1953-54.



GRAY TOPPER, velvet Tyrolean and sunset hooter are worn by Edward Smith, Lawrence Kelley, Stanley Rowe.



BLACK BOWLER is worn by Mrs. Robinson, who won the Wildtner and Gamblell trophies.



FALLEN WRESTLER BENITO GARRINI SIGHS, MOANS AND GESTURES AFTER BEING BUMPER IN TEAM MATCH. OTHER WRESTLERS VIEW HIM STRONGLY

SOME FALLEN FIGURES OF SPORT

NOTHING can be more embarrassing to an athlete than a prat fall. As surprise fades away, the performer becomes aware of the thousands of eyes focused on his impromptu posture. If the fallen one is a professional wrestler such as Benito Gardini, he may take refuge in the time-honored tableau of

the wounded gladiator, balanced on knees, eyes closed, mouth pursed with pain, especially if the fall really was a surprise. For a baseball figure such as Roy Campanella of Brooklyn the only thing to do is to shift attention to the nearest umpire, especially if he has heaped indignity on indignity by

calling Campy out on strikes. Incredulity will not alter Jocko Conlon's decision, but the look is obligatory under baseball's code of manners despite one's posture. For the unimaginative approach, trust a girl such as Daphne Seeney of Australia, who picked herself up and continued her tennis match.



UNBELIEVING ROY CAMPANELLA OF DODGERS SITS AT PLATE AFTER FALLING AWAY FROM PITCH WHICH UMPIRE JOEHO CONLON CALLED THIRD STRIKE



SPRAWLING BAPHNE SEENEV OF QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA BOUNCES ON COURT DURING MATCH IN OPEN TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT SURREY, ENGLAND



SEASON'S TRASH from Morning Glory Pool in Yellowstone Park is strung out in neat rows by park attendants with lugubrious sense of humor. Sign describes pool's deep blue color, which survives despite debris tossed in by visitors who all but ignore plaintive plea on bottom: "Do not throw objects in pool."

WE ARE DESTROYING OUR NATIONAL PARKS

A famous novelist and authority on conservation reports we are fast losing our magnificent wilderness areas and says we have nobody to blame but ourselves

by WALLACE STEGNER

YOSEMITE VALLEY, a seven-mile setting for the great granite jewels of El Capitan, Half Dome and Clouds Rest, is veined with bright water and has grown to the loveliest of forests. The climate is perfect, access easy. Result: On any summer day the Valley entertains between 20,000 and 32,000 people. Its population, at three or four thousand per square mile, is three or four times as dense as that of Java, one of the most densely populated countries on earth.

Here is dramatically illustrated the dilemma of the National Park Service, whose legal duty is "to conserve the scenery and the natural and historical objects and the wildlife . . . and to provide for the enjoyment of the same

in such manner and by such means as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations."

CROSS PURPOSES

Provide for enjoyment, but leave unimpaired. Use, but protect. Keep the parks primitive, but open them to millions (in 1954, almost 48,000,000 people visited all the areas exclusive of the National Capital Parks System and in late years the total has grown by nearly 10% per year). Make scenery accessible with roads, trails, lookouts, but don't scar it up. Provide—invisibly—campsites for millions, lodge and motel accommodations for hundreds of thousands, and the facilities of whole towns to take care of them.

Guard against fire, clean up after the litterbugs. Protect and restore the wildlife, even wolves and mountain lions, in order to keep the balance of nature, but do it in a show window where millions can thrill to see it. Offer high-grade adult education to all who ask for it and many who don't. Rescue climbers trapped or injured on the cliffs, tourists wounded by the bears they have been (against the rules) feeding.

Do what you can about America's sloop-happy habit of defacing signs, tearing up shrubs and wild flowers and throwing candy wrappers, bottles and beer cans in creeks and springs and geysers. Be patient when tourists bawl you out for something "because I pay

taxes for this." Do it all on a pitifully inadequate budget, with collapsing equipment and an overworked and undermanned staff, and *swife*.

The picture is gruesome, but it is neither sensational nor exaggerated. If the men of the park service had only the vacationing hordes to contend with, maybe they would be able to cope with their problems. But there are other groups—the entrepreneurs who want to open the parks for exploitation, federal agencies which would build dams in them, and Congress, which likes the parks but will not pay for them. Together, all four groups represent almost every living soul in America. They are at once the friends and the enemies of the system of national parks that gained its first great strength under the vigorous championship of President Theodore Roosevelt and has since stood as a model of democratic conservation for the rest of the world to copy. While most of the people of the United States love their parks, the parks might be destroyed.

A SIMPLE CHOICE

The entrepreneurs would cut timber, dig metals, graze the ranges, drill for oil and install ski lifts. Once a great threat, they are now reduced to a minor one. To Joe Smith, average citizen, reading of proposed raids on the timber of Olympic National Park or the watershed ranges of Yellowstone, the choice seems a simple one between good and bad. But the threat from private interests has been replaced by the threat posed by government bureaus whose philosophy of land-use runs counter to the strict conservation policy of the national parks. The Corps of Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation both want to build dams in some of the parks and monuments. When they are well planned, such dams mean fewer water-starved areas, greater flood control, more electric power. These are obviously very good things. But are they good enough to warrant the destruction of incomparable wildernesses? Joe Smith is confused; it seems to him the choice is not between good and bad but between varying degrees, varying kinds of good.

Our Mr. Smith, who has been battered by arguments from all sides, is only ordinarily informed; he may even have been misinformed. But he may suspect that the value of preserving a wilderness may outweigh the value of hydroelectric power, especially when it seems likely that the same amount of power could be produced at

continued on page 44



TOWERING EVERGREENS dwarf youngsters in Olympic (Wash.) compote.

Once famous for its rain forests, much of Olympic's natural beauty is still unspoiled.



TENZING'S DAUGHTERS, NINA AND PEM PEN, HOLD "SKULL" AT KUMCHUNG MONASTERY. LAMAS SAY IT IS "MIRAY" OR HUMAN-TYPE "YETI"

TENZING FINDS TRACES OF

The conqueror of Mount Everest takes his two daughters on a Himalayan walking trip and runs across some

Last week Alfred Gregory, leader of an expedition in the Moxlung region of Nepal, reported seeing tracks at 18,000 feet which appeared to have been made by an Abominable Snowman

ASPECTER is haunting the slopes of the high Himalayas; it also continues to tease some of the best brains in science around the world. The discovery of the strange footprints high in the Menlung region of Nepal revives the figure of the Abominable Snowman, that weird half-man, half-beast creature who the native Sherpas firmly believe lives on the great mountains. Westerners have wondered about the Abominable Snowman since 1921 when a British reconnaissance party, 22,000 feet up Everest, saw prints that "looked like a human foot." To the Sherpas the Abominable Snowman is old stuff. They have always known that the yeti or *setohkaungu* (literally translated as the "indescribably filthy man of the snow" and simplified by the English to its present name) exists. Yetis leave tracks marked by a huge thumb, kidnap Sherpa women, are

covered with reddish hair and lope through the snow, mostly at night. Sherpa women tell their children to behave or the yeti will get them. But the yeti is not just a legendary figure. Many Sherpas claim to have seen Snowmen, and Tenzing Norgay, the Sherpa conqueror of Everest, reported in his autobiography (SI, April 25) that his father believed he had twice glimpsed yetis in the snow.

Recently, Tenzing, accompanied by his two daughters, took a trip back to his old village of Thami in the heart of the Himalayas and discovered several new yeti relics. For many years the monastery at Pangboche had kept a "scalp" (upper right) reportedly belonging to a yeti. It was believed to be the only such relic in existence. But on this visit Tenzing found another "scalp" (upper left) at the Kumchhung Monastery which was darker in color than the one at Pangboche.

An even more startling discovery by Tenzing was the purported skin of a yeti. While traveling to Thami he heard that two lamas nearby were carrying with them the skin of an Abominable Snowman. Tenzing tracked down the



HEAD LAMA OF PANDROGWE MONASTERY SHOWS NIMA (RIGHT) SKULL OF "CHUTSEY YETI," WHICH SUPPOSEDLY IS ANIMAL-LIKE TYPE SNOWMAN

THE MYSTERIOUS 'YETI'

new evidence of the notorious Abominable Snowman

lamas and after great persuasion was permitted to examine and photograph the skin (right). "I found it to be like a small bear with gray and patches of black hair measuring about four feet from nose to tail," reports the Tiger of Everest. The lamas refused to tell how they obtained the skin but swore "to the best of their information and knowledge" that this was the real McCoy Snowman.

Dr. Leon Hausman of Rutgers, who has studied some hairs stolen from a "scalp," declares it is not a scalp but a cap and the hair is neither from a langur (a mountain ape living in the Himalayas) or bear, thus destroying two favorite yeti explanations. Thus, the mystery of the Snowman continues.

Tenzing's walking trip to the Himalayas was not made to find yeti relics. He wanted to show his daughters where he was brought up, give them a taste of mountain climbing and bring his 84-year-old mother back to Darjeeling where he now lives. One daughter, Pem Pem, 18, kept a diary, excerpts of which are found on the following pages along with some other photographs made by Tenzing.



BEARLIKE SKIN which lamas claim comes from the chutsey type of Snowman is displayed by Nima, Pem Pem and two lamas.

CONTINUED



TENZING continued

THE DIARY OF PEM PEM:

WE REACHED Dhankuta and the people received us three miles from the village. Father took movies and the people became excited and asked what he was doing. They are very far from civilization. . . Today we saw Makalu and Everest for the first time. We camped at the Arun River and the wind blew so terribly we felt we could not breathe. . . We saw many huge rocks and had to climb. The day was very hot and I felt thirsty. My water flask was being carried by one of the men for me. When I asked for it they had already finished the water. Instead of saying something to the man father scolded me and told me that one must always carry the following things oneself: ice ax, water flask and knife because they are too important to trust to anyone else. . . At Pangboche Monastery the head lama showed us a *yeti* skull preserved there. The hair was yellowish, while the *yeti* at Kumbhung had dark hair. . . We reached a small river and Nima carried father across on her back. I felt jealous and father let me carry him to try to prove I was equally strong. Father nearly drowned because I slipped but the only damage was wetting father's clothes. . . We reached home (Darjeeling). Grandmother was very happy it was in the mountains."

TENZING RELAXES with daughter Pem Pem, right, dog Kangki, and Chondar, the son of Annagram's climber Ang Tharkay



HOME-TOWN CELEBRATION welcomes Tenzing and party back to native village of Tham. People wear ceremonial white

scarves and the smoke is from burning incense. Headman of Tenzing's village stands at rear holding his big prayer-flag pole.



RESTING PLATFORMS, such as this one being used by Nima and Pem Pem, are erected by Nepalese in a dead person's honor.



AT PRAYER BOULDER inscribed with sacred Tibetan Buddhist prayer called *Mantra*, Pem Pem shares a joke with a lama.



TENZING'S MOTHER and sister pause outside home in Thani as a goat grazes between rows and yaki lumber in front of them.

CLIMBING EXPEDITION on Langmoche in Himalayas alibouettes Chodar, Nima and Pem Pem against a 20,600-foot peak.



Ted Atkinson— A Wife's View

by WALTER BERNSTEIN

ON THE MORNINGS that Mr. Theodore Atkinson of Woodbury, L.I. and Miami Springs, Fla. leaves his home for work, he is usually seen to the door by his wife, who kisses him goodby and perhaps adds a few domestic words about shopping or the children. Mrs. Atkinson betrays no alarm at her husband's going, although she knows from long and intimate experience the hazards of his work.

Atkinson, the satisfied athlete pictured on the opposite page, is a jockey, a trade which calls upon him to ride a half-ton of horseflesh at 30 or 40 miles an hour around a circular track approximately a mile in diameter, either in the midst of, following or, if he is fortunate, pursued by five to 27 other horses. During the minute or two that it takes to conclude this chore, Atkinson may encounter several normal risks of his profession. His leg may be shattered against the rail that encloses the track. His horse may stumble and catapult him over its head, in which case he stands a reasonable chance of being trampled by other horses. A rock, kicked up by a horse in front, may break his nose. His saddle may slip and he may find himself riding the air but not the horse, a situation which, while picturesque, is rarely permanent. And in the event he finishes the race without mishap, but also without winning, he may then become the target of considerable abuse from those unfortunates who had bet on his horse to run away from all the others.

Mrs. Atkinson has known all this for 15 years. Still, she rarely worries. She is an attractive and intelligent young woman, with a rational, optimistic attitude toward herself, her husband, their two children and life in general. This derives in part from an understanding of her husband, who leaves very little to chance itself. Atkinson is not a typical jockey. He is studious, almost bookish. His character is sober and conservative, and even his daring seems calculated. He is not only a rider of horses but a thinker about them.

So is his wife. She grew up on a horse farm owned by her father in North Randall, Ohio and she rode before she could talk. Today there are three race tracks where the farm once stood. When Martha was small, there were only the farm and the stables and barns full of the trotting horses her father bred. Across the road was a mile-long flat-racing track, but Martha was not allowed to mix with running-horse people. The trotting-horse crowd considered them shiftless and uncouth. Martha's father, Bert Shank, was mayor of North Randall for 32 years, and the town jail was in his brood mare barn. During the running-track meetings, the jail was always full of running-track people who had gambled or drunk or otherwise disturbed the peace.

But one day, when Martha was 18 years old and picking

illies near the barn, she was seen by a young apprentice jockey from the running track. He was tanned and handsome and very polite when he came over to introduce himself. His name was Ted Atkinson and he was 22 years old. For the space of several minutes love fought a bitter battle with duty. Love won.

Actually, there was very little for Martha's parents to dislike about Atkinson. He neither drank nor gambled. He saved his money. His manners were impeccable. His feet, when they were not in the stirrups, were certainly on the ground. Martha herself worried a bit that he was shorter than she was, but after a while in his company she felt this to be irrelevant. Ten days after their first meeting they were engaged.

At that time Ted was a \$90-a-month jockey under contract to Calumet Farms, the horse racing empire built upon a solid foundation of baking powder. Characteristically, he had managed to save a little out of his earnings, but not enough to support a wife on. They decided that Martha would stay home and find a job while Ted followed the racing circuit. It took them a year and a half, during which they saw each other for a total of two weeks, to accumulate a satisfactory dowry. In the interim Ted wrote husbands of letters to his fiancée, most of them businesslike and laconic, and there were a few complications. Calumet was going to drop Ted back to exercise boy, and he decided to buy up his contract.

So that took the first thousand dollars the couple had saved. Martha went with him on the negotiations, and the incident gave her her first real look at the kind of man she was planning to marry. The owner of Calumet happened to be a friend of her father's. When Ted discovered this he made her sit on the floor of their car, where she would not be seen, while Ted went inside to transact the business. He wasn't allowing any man to think he had come for favors.

At the end of the year and a half they had \$7,000 in a joint account in a Cleveland bank. They were married in North Randall. Two days later Ted left for Florida and three weeks later Martha quit her job and followed him. By the time she arrived he had rented an apartment in Miami Springs and was ready to move her into it.

And it was there that Martha was initiated to the trials that beset the life of most jockeys. A horse spilled Ted

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SUCCESSFUL JOCKEY Ted Atkinson, in colors of Walden Stables, inspects gear in jockey room at Hialeah. Owners supply silks, caps, but Atkinson buys own saddle, six pairs of boots a year.





SMALLMOUTH COUNTRY

**An early season opening brings
spectacular bass fishing to a
secluded corner of Wisconsin**

by MEL ELLIS

TWENTY HUNDRED YEARS AGO the French trappers, known as *coureurs de bois*, made note of the fact that nowhere during their journeys did they encounter so many bass as when their canoes entered the wooded coves of Wisconsin's Door County peninsula, the state's "thumb" jutting into Lake Michigan.

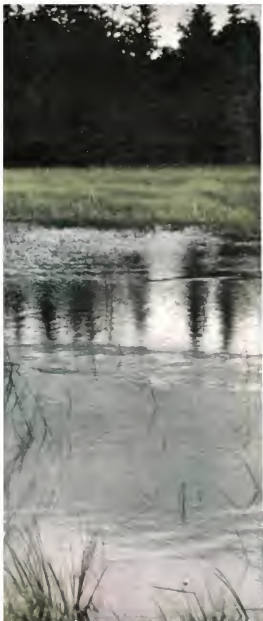
The *coureurs* are gone now, but not the bass. Early each summer they troop shoreward to spawn, and then from the cove called Little Sturgeon on north to Death's Door near the peninsula's tip they furnish smallmouth fishing which is unexcelled anywhere in the world.

This lovely land of the leaping sn all-mouth bass is hulkarked by sheer limestone cliffs against Lake Michigan's wicked storms. It is a little country apart. Cross the bridge at Sturgeon Bay and you enter a leisurely world where even the fishing, in some harbors, is by appointment only.

Cross that magic bridge at the first bog bay, and no matter how torrid the day, the temperature-gauge needle of your car drops back to normal. Cross the canal which severs the peninsula from the rest of the state—the rest of

continued on next page

IN A WILDERNESS BAY where smallmouth bass have come to spawn, author (left) and a friend search out the shallows with light lures, knowing that a record fish may lurk within range of their next cast.





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SMALLMOUTH COUNTRY

continued from page 27

the world, and forests of solid cedar gradually converge along the few roads, only to open at intervals for the cherry orchards.

Here there is relief for the hay fever sufferer. Here is the summer home of the theater. Here is a land a little like New England, Norway, Sweden—a strange country, in some ways, where people boil trout instead of broiling them.

But, more than all of these, this is the home of the red-eyed, copper-sided smallmouth bass. Here bait companies send representatives to try new lures, and boats come from all the Great Lakes to troll or put off skiffs and spin or cast or fly fish for smallmouths.

It is a land of flaming sunsets of unbelievable calm shattered with little warning by violent squalls which drive snowstorms of gulls to the beach and shred the smoke flags of the steamers. It is a fishing place where perch are measured by the bushel basket, and there are no bigger northern pike south of the Canadian border.

Here, in Rowley Bay, I met the largest smallmouth bass I have ever seen. He was an old bull guarding a nest. Nearby, but not too close, were lesser bass like boats at anchor. In another week they would have fled. Now, guarding spawn, they stood their ground. The big one weighed maybe 9, perhaps even 10 pounds (the world record is 10 pounds, 8 ounces).

He struck an orange and black streamer on the first cast and with a sharp maneuver snapped the leader. By the time another streamer was flouting from the leader, the bass was back, but repeated casting failed to rouse him again. Finally I knotted a bunch of reeds to mark the spot and Joe Liston and I continued our fishing marathon which consisted of taking and releasing one smallmouth after another until we ached with the effort.

A NEW SEASON OPENING

That was five years ago on July 1, the old opening day of the season. It was a late year, and we'd caught the stragglers still on the spawning beds. Now it will be possible to catch the bass on the beds every summer, since the Wisconsin season opened June 18 this year—a week or even two weeks before the bass come into the shallows to mate.

Fisheries biologists of Wisconsin maintain that rod pressure cannot hurt the bass. So, about the time school

lets out, anglers are waiting. Then by the Fourth of July most bass have done with family chores and have deserted the bays to hunt crawfish out around the reeds.

Fantastic hatches of May flies tempt them shoreward, however, early mornings and again in the evenings sometimes right through August. These hatches are a rare spectacle. Insects sometimes pile against the buildings of bayside communities in windrows two feet deep. Crushed beneath the wheels of autos, they slick the streets until traffic skids to a halt.

There was such a hatch the night after the day the big bass broke the leader. After dinner Joe Liston and I went looking for the fish. By the time we were halfway across the bay, the hatch had turned into a blizzard of insects that pelted our slickers like hail.

When we anchored and went over the side to wade, bass were gulping the flies in a frenzy of feeding. The greater disturbance made by our "popping" lures, several times larger than the flies, attracted strikes, and we fought fish all the way up to where the reeds were knotted.

By then the water was black, so I cast where I thought the bass nest was. The bit of yellow balsam and brown rooster feathers moved a few inches before the water bulged. The popper hopped like a living bug six inches off the water. But that was all and I guessed the bass had lifted swiftly to look and, declining to strike, had bounced the lure with its tail in diving again.

To fully savor the fishing of the

peninsula, the angler should visit Fish Creek. Here tugs with ample fishing cockpits work the reefs and dropoffs out around the cluster of islands known as the Strawberries. Since currents govern the movements of fish in the big water, it takes such men as Harold Thorp, Clyde Helgeson or Les Anderson to locate the schools. They cater to families; boat captains will even put a baby's crib aboard.

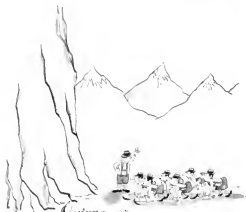
A BASS ON EACH ROD

Recently I fished with Harold Thorp who was waiting at the dock when we arrived. At the first island the gulls came screaming from their rookery to put a white umbrella over the boat. Four mergansers herded ducklings from sight around a point. Thorp cut the engine to trolling speed where swells marked the reefs. We trolled two lures side by side to see which the bass preferred but we never found out because two hit simultaneously. By noon we had hooked at a couple of dozen fish, the largest 4 pounds.

Back in the harbor again I met Adrian Freitag. To help substantiate the peninsula's claim to the title of "Bass Capital of the World," he told me that the previous season he had taken 328 smallmouths in 30 evening trips, throwing them back as fast as he hooked them. That one evening before dark he hung seven of the largest fish on a scale and they weighed nearly 35 pounds. And that his best fishing had netted him 24 bass in a single hour.

That night I stayed with Leland and Harold Thorp, descendants of Asa

continued on next page





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SMALLMOUTH COUNTRY

continued from page 33

Thorpe, the first resort operator west of Niagara Falls. They told me a man could spend 20 lifetimes wading across the table-hard limestone flats and never retrace his steps. They claimed too, that a man might boat the tens of thousands of acres of smallmouth water in Moonlight, Whitefish, North, Rowley, Sister and a hundred lesser bays and a thousand lesser inlets and never have time to fish them all.

They were sure it would take a man a hundred years to get to know all the rock pockets, forests of reeds, underwater canyons and long reefs in Egg, Baileys, Detroit and Fish Creek and all the other harbors. And then they made their point by showing on the map how all these areas are not hours but only minutes apart.

LAKES ON AN ISLAND

Among the islands worth a fishing visit is 3,200-acre Chambers Island, once the site of the impressive Insall estate. Fire leveled the buildings, and all that remains are the huge concrete piers, and even these lie askew. Here are two inland lakes which attract anglers when the weather outside is especially dirty. These lakes, surprisingly, maintain levels eight feet above the big lake which holds the island.

The largest of all the islands is Washington at the tip of the peninsula. A ferry service keeps daily schedules. This is still another world apart. Come after Labor Day and there are only a few, mostly fishermen, about. To enter the island one goes through Death's Door, nature's honeydew for many a vessel. The island itself, though surrounded by sometimes wild waters, is peaceful. Completely covered by forest, it is a place of murmuring pines.

Evening had slicked the bay when I went after the big bass for the last time. I anchored the boat and went over the side with spinning gear. From a tin can I took a crawfish, hooked it through the tail and waded into position in front of the knot of reeds.

I flipped out the bait. The bass struck and charged back to its nest. Then, as smallmouths will in shallow water devoid of heavy cover, the fish headed for the shelter of my legs. He wrapped the hue around an ankle and broke off. On the way back to the beach the May flies began to hatch and many bass were working. But they were just fish, and they would be there tomorrow and next year. (END)

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STORY OF HOW SMOKY JOE WON
THE 60TH BRITISH AMATEUR

AT THE ROYAL LYTHAM and St. Anne Golf Club, that weather-beaten links off the Irish Sea above Liverpool where Bobby Jones in 1926 captured the first of his three British Opens, Joe Conrad, a small, compact, steady and impassive 25-year-old Air Force lieutenant from San Antonio, gained the first major triumph of his career last Saturday by winning the 60th edition of the British Amateur Golf Championship. A member of the American Walker Cup team which successfully invaded Great Britain in May, Conrad, a very likable redhead who was Southern Amateur champion in 1953 and '54, achieved his new eminence by making his way quietly and surely to the final and then outplaying, 3 and 2, an equally unflamboyant Yorkshireman, Alan Slater. A 36-year-old businessman-engineer, Slater had never before won as much as the Yorkshire County championship. But day after day in this grueling tournament—seven rounds of 18 holes precede the 36-hole final—he had not only outscored but had soundly outgolfed a succession of players of far more luminous reputation, among them two Americans and Britain's reluctant lion, Joe Carr of Dublin.

The final between Conrad and Slater was played in "typical British golf weather." During most of the morning round, the Lancashire sky was so absolutely colorless it was not even gray, and from it a chilly rain fell on the rolling daneland fairways. Midway through the cold afternoon a black thunderstorm rushed out of the south and pelted the players again. On a rainless, windless day St. Anne's presents a far less stern test of golfing skill than the truly classic British seaside courses—say, St. Andrews, Muirfield and Hoylake. It measures only 6,557 yards from the back tees and under congenial conditions its long par 4s play moderate par 4s and its short par 5s amount only to fairly difficult long par 4s. But when, as in the final and on a few other days of this tournament, the fairways and the rough become heavy with rain and a south wind is blowing off the sea, St. Anne's is something more than a junior-grade champion-

ship test. It plays long enough. Its narrow fairways become extremely hard to hit. So do its relatively small greens, peppered all around by pot bunkers, as many as six or seven on some holes, some of them cut at the very edge of the putting surface. St. Anne's then calls for control.

All week long Conrad and Slater



MEET JOE CONRAD

Lieut. Joe Conrad, now stationed at Gary AFB, San Marcos, Texas, is comparatively small (5 feet 5 inches, 155 pounds) as golfers go. Born 25 years ago in San Antonio, Tex., he became a golfer in spite of the hope of his father, a railroad worker, that he would some day be a big league baseball player. Joe was a heavy-hitting infielder with an American Legion team in San Antonio, but 12 years ago he started playing golf with Joe Sr.'s sawed-off clubs and golf has been his game ever since. At North Texas State College, Joe played golf four years, lost only one match. In 1951 he won the Texas Amateur and the Mexican Amateur. In 1953 the Trans-Mississippi, and the Southern Amateur the last two years. He is now the defending world-wide Air Force champion. Said his mother on bearing of his British Amateur triumph: "I just can't believe that little guy going way over there and winning something big like that."

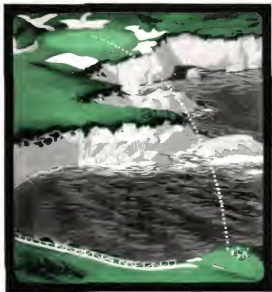
had hit the ball straight and putted steadily, and these qualities, which will take a golfer a great distance in any circumstances, took them all the way to the final on this tight old battlefield that is bounded along several holes by a railroad and is now enclosed on practically all sides by that inevitable decorative motif signifying the triumph of suburbia over the English countryside—those rows and rows of gray-and-tan-colored houses, each unalterably the same in design.

Conrad—or Smoky Joe, as the self-contained Texan was inexpressibly dubbed by his Walker Cup teammates and thereafter referred to by the British press, which dearly loves a sobriquet—was never behind at any stage of the final. He won the long 3rd hole when Slater pushed one onto the railroad tracks, out of bounds. After the 6th, 471 yards into the wind to a sloping plateau green where he smashed the second of two superb woods 14 feet from the pin, Conrad stood three-up. Slater got back into the game by winning the 9th and the 10th, but Conrad, whistling as he worked, took the 11th, 14th, 15th and 16th with sharp, deliberate play, lost the 18th, and so went to lunch holding a very comfortable four-hole lead.

Peter Ryde, the golf correspondent of *The Times of London*, was an unwitting accomplice to Conrad's rally. On the 11th, 478 yards downwind, Conrad for some strange reason elected to play a 3-wood for his second when all he needed to get home was a 4-iron. The resultant shot was much too long and was headed for the thicket behind the green when it struck Ryde's umbrella and came to rest in the heavy rough. It presented Conrad with a very tough lie but it was playable, which was the big thing, and he seized the break with a perfectly judged chip that died five feet from the cup. He sank the putt to win a hole he could easily have lost, and was off again.

Four-up is a pretty luxurious lead for a golfer of Conrad's stability to have on his hands at the halfway mark. Starting the afternoon round, Smoky appeared to be a wrinkle less relaxed than he customarily is, a state of mind which is par for the course even for Texans when the prospect of winning something really important becomes a tangible reality. Nevertheless, he added another hole to his lead by dropping an eight-footer on the first hole (the 19th of the match). This would have discouraged most opponents then and there. Not Slater. All

continued on next page



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Rocket

GOLF

continued from page 11

through the week he had held his poise in tight corners and he did so here. He cut Conrad's lead down to 4 by holing a sidehiller of about 18 feet for his par after three useful shots to the long 21st. He cut another hole away with par 3 on the 188-yard 23rd where Conrad was bunkered. He cut still another hole away when Conrad conceded the 24th after he had played five shots and was still not in the cup while Slater lay four feet away in three. Only two down, Slater kept on coming and won the 26th with an orthodox par by holing a two-and-a-half-footer after Conrad had opened the gate by missing most uncharacteristically from three feet. Slater had now swept four of the last six holes. One more win and he would square the match.

The 9th, or the 27th, is a short hole played from an elevated tee to a green practically encircled by traps. It measures 163 yards. Slater stepped up, took his slightly loose and effortful swing, and slapped a fine shot through the crosswind which finished hole-high, 20 feet to the left of the pin. Throughout the tournament Conrad had been having trouble finding this green. Now, when he had to, he summoned his best shot of the day, a low 3-iron that started off on the flag and held that line all the way, hit the green a few yards short of the hole and pulled up eight feet past. There was nothing meek about Slater's reply. He banged his 20-footer into the back of the cup. Now, this was a moment. If Conrad did not hole his eight-foot, slightly downhill putt, his whole handsome lead would be gone and . . . with no fidgeting at all, he holed it.

In retrospect this was the match, this "covering" putt of Conrad's. Gradually he rebuilt his lead. Conrad was the more accomplished shotmaker; he had to be, for Slater was his pret in resolution. It will be a long while before one has the privilege of watching a counterattack such as the gaunt Yorkshireman mounted in the gray and windy afternoon.

A SPECIAL CHARM

The British Amateur by its very structure has a special kind of charm. It is the last of the big championships which demands no qualification round. Any golfer whose handicap "does not exceed 3" can enter, and as a result it draws a unique gallimaufry of contestants: tens of American golfers who seldom play in tournaments back home; a high number of American servicemen



BILLY JOE'S NEMESIS. Britain's extravagantly sweetered and extremely wealthy Philip Scrutton, shakes hands with Patton after overwhelming him by score of 7 and 6

doing their tours of duty in Europe; golfers from all corners of the British Commonwealth; a sprinkling of European players; and, most unusually, scores of middle-aged players, some of them retired businessmen whose business now is improving their golf, others of them retired ex-champions for whom playing in the British Amateur is an annual reunion.

The casual nature of the field does not mean, however, that the British are casual about the tournament. After the long series of defeats they have incurred in international golf, the baby they love most of all, British golfers wanted a victory by a native son and they wanted it terrible. It was understandable then that hearts were somewhat lighter when three of our Walker Cuppers, Don Cherry, Bill Campbell and Dick Yost, were eliminated in the first round, reducing the American threat right off the reel.

On Thursday morning, the day of the fourth and fifth rounds, of the 32 remaining players, 11 were still Americans. Seven of those had to be watched closely: Patton, Conrad, Cudd, Jackson and Morey of the Walker Cup team; Jimmy McHale, an ex-Walker Cupper, and strapping young Don Bisplinghoff from Orlando, Fla., who won the North and South Amateur in April and had come over for his first crack at British golf. Bisplinghoff's confident style and demeanor during the first few days' play had given British fans plenty to think about, and so had his name. "Pronouncing that chap's name," Bernard Darwin commented one evening, "is like putting. One day you have it and the next you don't."

Four of the seven—Morey, Cudd, McHale and Jackson—went out in what was really Fratricide Day. The draw frequently brought two Americans together and one necessarily had

to lose. Bisplinghoff raced through the first 12 holes against Cudd 5 under even 46 and at length beat the dogged Oregonian 4 and 2. Patton beat middle-aged George Coleman of Oklahoma but was wild and not too impressive doing so. St. Anne's being much too confining a course for him to maneuver in—the Vic Seixas of golf. He had been getting by on his net game—his wedge play and his putting. And in the mellow twilight, after a staccato session in which but three of the 18 holes were halved, Conrad edged by Jimmy Jackson, one-up. In another way it was also Alan Slater Day. The unheralded Yorkshireman had been personally responsible forousting two Americans, Morey and McHale. Both had been close matches but Slater had produced the better shots down the stretch.

ANOTHER GIANT KILLING

And so finally it was Friday, with the big unwieldy field now whittled down to eight quarter-finalists. At the top of the draw Slater met Joe Carr, and killed yet another giant. In the second match Bisplinghoff, after a fine comeback that forced the match into extra holes, lost on the 20th green to Arthur Perowne, who had been a British Walker Cupper six years ago at the age of 19. The third match loomed as the match of the morning, inasmuch as it brought together Billy Joe Patton and Philip Scrutton, the frail Englishman whom he had beaten 2 and one over 36 holes in their Walker Cup encounter. Scrutton was a slight favorite

this time, for he had been waltzing easily through his early matches.

The more you see of Scrutton, the more he strikes you as a person you expect to bump into only in fiction, so much "in character"—are the highly individual manners and mannerisms of this wealthy young man who owns about eight cars and, in pursuit of a first-class golf game, spent the winter of 1951 on the winter circuit in America, Scrutton's woods, just as you would expect, are encased in leopard-skin covers. During his match with Patton he wore an off-yellow sweater with a matching beret and, in addition to his caddy, employed a retainer to carry a folding chair on which he could sit when Patton was shooting. But Scrutton, mechanical as is the delivery of his swing, can play golf, and he ran clear away from Billy Joe, losing the first and then winning eight of the next nine holes and, in due course, the match, 7 and 6. On the holes where Patton was outplayed to the green, he could not equalize his opponent's advantage, as he usually manages to, for this tremendous putter couldn't buy a putt. On the few holes where Patton was inside his man, Scrutton putted phenomenally and his totals included one 20-footer, one 25-footer and one that must have measured 40 feet.

In the fourth and last match of the morning, Conrad quietly disposed of the last middle-aged survivor, a reformed figure skater named Roger Bayless. In the afternoon in another quiet match that was supposed to produce fireworks, he beat Scrutton 5 and 4. The Englishman sank a fairly long chip on the second, but thereafter his swing began to unravel a bit in the face of Conrad's accurate play down one fairway after another. In the meantime that other quiet man, Alan Slater, had defeated Perowne, thus setting up the memorable final and its exciting climax on the 27th green when Conrad stopped the Yorkshireman's brave bid to square the match by knocking in his birdie putt right on top of Slater's.

Disappointed as the British were at once again being denied a British success in the British Amateur, there is complete Anglo-American unity on this point: the new champion is a worthy one.

(END)

A BOW FROM THE TOP

Homer Herpel, Webster Groves, Mo. pro, who was scheduled to give some pointers on chipping accuracy in this week's *TIP SHOW THE TOP*, his graciously allowed Herbert Warren Wind to "play through" with his account of the British Amateur. Mr. Herpel's tip will appear in a forthcoming issue

U.S. NATIONAL PARKS

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alternate sites, or more cheaply by steam-coal plants, and when the potential of atomic power casts a big shadow question mark on all expensive hydroelectric installations. Joe may even end up thinking that these dam-building bureaus are the worst enemies of the national parks.

He would be close to right. But let us not forget the Congress and the people of the United States.

It means little that both Congress and the people think themselves the parks' best friends. Congress has been friendly in principle and stingy with money ever since it established Yellowstone in 1872. The American people love their parks and threaten to trample them to death. The more successful the Park Service is in keeping a park wild and beautiful, the more people it will draw and the more it has to contend with a thundering herd.

Everything in a primeval park ought to be preserved just as God made it: everything except man, who is an intruder and has to be educated. That is the Park Service's job. It is more than a clean-up job, though refuse disposal is a desperate problem in all the popular parks, and a park ranger in summer often finds himself little more than a garbage man working a 15-hour shift. Worse than dirty public habits is the public's failure to understand what a national park is.

MONUMENTAL GRAB BAG

Its failure is understandable, for too many kinds of things are included in the 24 million acres which the Park Service must administer in 38 states, the District of Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. There are 189 parks, monuments, battlefields, historic sites, memorials, cemeteries, parkways, National Capital Parks and recreational areas.

The Park Service takes care of everything from F.D.R.'s Hyde Park home to the parkways through the Great Smokies and the campgrounds on some reclamation reservoirs. No wonder Joe Smith is confused; no wonder he sometimes fails for the notion that the parks ought to be "developed." There are swimming pools in Yosemite, and a bandstand from which dance music bounces off the cliffs. There are several towns for skiers at Hidden Valley in Rocky Mountain National Park, and Seattle businessmen are asking for more of the same on Mount Rainier.

None of these things ought to be

there; they are contrary to the spirit and the letter of the law establishing the National Park Service. A national park is not a playground and not a resort, though it may be ideal for such activities as hiking, riding, climbing, hunting with a camera, fishing and cross-country skiing—sports which demand no installations, attract no spectators and leave no scars. The real purpose of the national parks—to preserve scenery, beauty, geology, archaeology, wildlife, for permanent use in living natural museums—is not affected by these, but it cannot be made compatible with weekend dances, ski tournaments, speedboat races and a million

people a year. And if the parks are not protected against people who insist on using them as resorts, they are shortly going to look like Settembrini's Picnic Ground after the annual Lions Outing.

In 1954 Yosemite had 1,068,631 visitors; Rocky Mountain 1,425,635; Great Smoky more than two and a half million, Yellowstone almost a million and a third, Grand Teton more than a million. Nearly 26 million in the national parks and monuments alone, over 54 million in all the Park Service areas. The total has steadily increased by more than a million each year. By 1975, when according to demographers the population of the United States will be 200 million and that of California 20 million, visitors to the national

A SAMPLING OF THE NATION'S PARKS

NAME	PARK HQ. ADDRESS	GROSS ACREAGE	OUTSTANDING CHARACTER	AVAILABLE CONCESSIONS	ATTENDANCE 1954
ACADIA	Bar Harbor, Me.	41,854	Rugged coastal area and cliffs	Meals only	553,735
ADIRONDACK	Marathon, Texas	708,321	Mountain and desert scenery	Horses	67,289
ARIZONA CANYON	Springdale, Utah	36,010	Fairly level of multicolored rock columns	Transp.	238,157
CARLSBAD CAVERNS	Carlsbad, N. Mex.	49,448	Huge limestone caves	Meals only, nursery, cures	444,338
CRATER LAKE	Medford, Ore.	169,290	Luminous blue water in mouth of once active volcano	Ski tow, transp.	370,554
EVERGLADES	Homestead, Fla.	1,258,361	Largest remaining subtropical wilderness in U.S.	Boat service, tours, no meals or lodging	215,044
GLACIER	West Glacier, Mont.	1,013,129	Rocky Mt. peaks, glaciers, lakes	Guides, boats, trail	608,230
GRAND CANYON	Grand Canyon, Ariz.	645,809	Fantastically eroded & brilliantly colored rock gorge	Transp., store, medical, tours, horses	814,130
GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS	Gatlinburg, Tenn.	519,169	Loftiest range east of Black Hills	Horses	2,525,879
HAWAII	Hawaii, T.H.	246,747	Still active volcanic area	Transp.	444,551
ISLE ROYALE	Houghton, Mich.	133,838	Forested island wilderness	Boats, guides	4,292
MESA VERDE	Mesa Verde, Colo.	51,334	11th Century cliff dwellings	Horses	150,330
SEQUOIA	Three Rivers, Calif.	385,560	Greatest groves of giant sequoias	Transp., medical & hosp., guides	484,633
YELLOWSTONE	Wyoming, Montana & Idaho borders	3,221,773	Wonderland of geysers, colored springs, spectacular falls	Transp., guides, stores	1,323,583

*All parks offer meals and lodging unless otherwise noted

parks may well run to more than 100 million every year.

If Yosemite looks now like the rush hour at Hollywood and Vine, how will it be in 1975? And where shall we go then for our inexpensive and restorative family vacations? Not to Sequoia or Rocky Mountain or Lassen Volcanic. Their beauty will be lost to us, as Yosemite's is already to many because of the crowds. We will have to seek quieter and wadder places where there is rest for soul and eye. Such places are scarce now. They are getting rarer, and there are no more where they came from.

Every one of them is unique and beyond price. We need not fewer such protected areas but more of them. House and Senate have not agreed on the Service's 1956 appropriation as this is written. The approximately \$33 million budget for 1955, though supplemented by a little more than \$10 million in contract authorization for roads and parkways and by a half million to match the same amount of donated Rockefeller money for land purchases, was only a fraction of what was needed. In presenting his budget for 1954, Director Conrad Wirth noted a long-term trend of slow starvation. What the Bureau of the Budget had allotted him would provide 13% fewer man-years of work than the budget of 1941, yet "in 1953 we have 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ % more areas, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ % more acres, 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ % more miles of roads, 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ % more miles of trails and 100 $\frac{1}{2}$ % more visitors than we had in 1941."

LESS THAN ENOUGH

The 1955 budget, though better than 1954, provided for less than 5% of the backlog of construction that every year is more frantically needed as the visitor load increases. For our National Park System we dedicate only seven-tenths of one percent of our land area, and then we refuse to provide even 5% of what is needed to develop it. Many nations, all of whom learned the national park idea from us, do better by it than we do. Even Japan, overpopulated and land-starved, has set aside 4% of its territory.

Our parks are like a child whose teeth have been neglected. Look at that smile, we say. See how white and pretty? Hardly any decay showing. But keep her away from the dentist another few years. Let maintenance and construction be postponed as they have been ever since the stand-by years of World War II. Put off renovating the museums, do without the extra

continued on next page



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NATIONAL PARKS

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rangers and naturalists. Don't bother moving the campgrounds, though they ought to be moved about as often as a turkey run, and for similar reasons. Let it all go, and pretty soon we will not ask the child to smile.

The service which Congress established in 1916 to care for its national parks has been, in spite of starvation budgets, a destructive public and persistent outside enemies, one of the best agencies of public service that any people ever had. Today there are more trees, flowers and wildlife in Yosemite, in spite of the thundering herd, than there were a generation ago. They are there because the Park Service takes its job seriously. Park Service employees have a resilient morale, a morale that is always threatened but never eaves, despite meager pay, high rent for park housing and unpaid overtime. They are men of high ability who have sacrificed better pay and ambition to do a job they like.

FREEDOM FROM FREEDOM

Joe Smith is going to have to get used to some restrictions, even if Congress should decide in the future to deal kindly with the parks. Already most campgrounds have a 15- or 30-day limit; already concessionaires may restrict the stay of their lodge and motel guests. Admission cards to pitch a tent in campgrounds, good for the whole season, will probably have to go. And the recreation activities, spectator sports, concerts and swimming pools and organizational picnics, maybe even ski lifts, will have to be left to the resort areas where there is little of the real wilderness left to spoil.

We can't, as has been bitterly proposed, close our national parks and thus force Congress to put up money for their proper operation. We can't close up something that 54 million people want. But we can destroy their beauty, and hence their reason for being, and perhaps we will. It would take a 10-year construction and rehabilitation program of \$60 million a year to bring the parks back to what they should be, and an annual operating budget at least twice that of 1955 to keep them there.

That sounds like a lot of money, and is. But the money will produce returns of another kind: health and sanity and the profound and personal sense of belonging to something good and beautiful that cannot be measured in dollars. A primal park offers values that are close to the values of religion. **END**

MOTOR SPORTS

by JOHN BENTLEY

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO BILL VUKOVICH AT INDIANAPOLIS, AND WHY IT WILL HAPPEN AGAIN IF MEN CONTINUE TO DRIVE "ON ICE"

FOR the last decade intrepid, hungry men, lured by visions of glory and a pot of gold, have been driving the Indianapolis 500 "on ice"—that is, on the absolute, penultimate shred of traction, with nothing between them and eternity but a few cunningly contrived tire grooves. Admittedly, each year since the war, the cars have been improved a little: torsion bar suspension; a lowered center of gravity made possible in the new-type roadsters by inclining and offsetting the engine; still better tires—disc brakes, even. Sensibly viewed, these developments are good for slightly higher average speeds than were formerly possible. But no one has settled for this.

Instead, the fury of those "do-or-die" qualifying runs which entitle a driver to a place on the starting grid, and the dazzling incentive of pyramided cash awards, have boosted the average speed of the 500-mile classic beyond all reason. In 1946 it was 114.8 mph; last year nearly 131. This year, it killed Bill Vukovich.

The evening before the race I was sitting in Vukie's garage with Owner

Lindsey Hopkins. He gave me a list of eight "hot dogs"—drivers with enough impassioned stamina to go flat out for as long as the race—or their cars—would last. They were, besides his own driver: Jimmy Bryan, Art Cross, Pat O'Connor, Bob Sweikert, Andy Linden, Jack McGrath and Al Herman. Bryan led at 200 miles, Cross at 350 miles before their cars quit; O'Connor was second at 475 miles when a fuel-line failure dropped him to eighth. Linden finished sixth; Herman seventh. Of the eight, however, the only driver who gave Vukovich a real run was McGrath, who was sidelined with ignition trouble three laps before the fatal pile-up.

The garbled versions of that accident were unfair to the men involved. No one was to blame. This is what really happened: Rodger Ward came out of the southeast turn sideways, "on ice," and flipped twice, miraculously landing back on his wheels. "Suddenly," he said, "the front end washed out on me." Following him were John Boyd and Al Keller, bombing down the straight with Keller a little ahead. They veered to avoid Ward, collided,

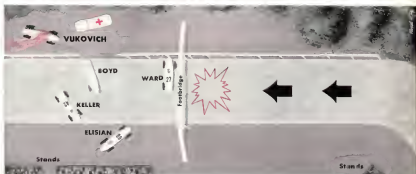
and Boyd overturned. Vukovich, hard on Boyd's tail at 140 mph, tried to side-step the mess by swerving right. His car bumped Boyd's, struck the heavy wooden beams of the outside guard rail, straddled the rail, then went end over end, striking a passenger car, a truck and a jeep. Instantly the wreckage burst into flames, trapping the luckless Vukovich before anyone could get to him (diagram below). Ed Elisian stopped of his own accord to tender help. Vukovich was an old school friend of his.

Indianapolis originally was intended for speeds of 90 mph and its contour hasn't changed since 1909. Nor has the surface changed much either, since the original promoters thoughtfully paved its dirt surface with 3,200,000 bricks. McGrath, who qualified with an all-time lap record of 143.793 mph, sighed as he came in: "That's the most hair-raising ride I ever had. It really scared me." This year's "Go, man, go!" fever killed another seasoned driver, Manuel Ayulo, and produced a crop of spectacular spins and slides that wrecked two cars before they could sample "Operation Mile Hunt," the fraternity's polite name for the qualifying circus.

Before the start of the race Designer Art Sparks told me prophetically: "We've about reached the end of the line with this equipment." What he meant was that drivers are raising the ante each year mainly on one thing—suicidal nerve. Sparks designed the car

continued on next page

DISPOSITION OF CARS AFTER FATAL VUKOVICH ACCIDENT



CHAIN REACTION began when Ward spun coming out of southeast turn (right) and began to roll. Keller and Boyd collided just short of footbridge (explosion star) when Keller swerved left to avoid Ward. Vukovich, leading Keller by two laps, was thus confronted by three crazily-tyrting cars as he roared up from turn. He tried to get through on outside and apparently passed

Ward before latter's car, back on its wheels, backed into rail; but he could not avoid hitting the still-spinning Boyd. Boyd's car plunged down the track and landed upside down; Vukovich's climbed the rail, skittered along it, then somersaulted off and burned, trapping the driver beneath it. Elisian, not involved in the accident, spun deliberately to halt his car in the infield.

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MOTOR SPORTS

continued from page 47

with which the late George Robson won the 500 in 1946. His forged aluminum pistons were in every one of the 53 qualified cars this year. Said he: "They aren't going much faster on the straight than they were back in 1930. But now, instead of easing into the southwest turn at 105 mph, they're boring through at 130. That's where they make up time. On the turn." So far, 16 drivers have died on those treacherous 17° banked turns (which could be made steeper and thus slightly safer—a costly undertaking not likely soon), compared with two fatalities along the straightaway.

Sparks believes there is only one answer to the critical problem of traction at the brickyard—the four-wheel-drive car. He has the blueprints for such a car and it actually was entered by Joel Thorne for this year's race, but couldn't be built in time. "Four-wheel drive," Sparks concluded, "is a sure way of getting the wheels to absorb more power without breaking traction. That means not only faster acceleration but better adhesion on turns. This new job could lap the course at a safe 10 mph faster than anything today."

ONLY HALF RIGHT

Lou Moore's front-drive Blue Crowns (last seen in 1952) and Lew Welch's Novis (one of which failed to qualify last month because of a broken pinion gear) went a step in this direction by pulling the cars around the turns instead of pushing them. The Blue Crowns won the 500 three years in a row; the supercharged Novis almost won it twice, but killed Ralph Hepburn and Chet Miller and burned Duke Nalon nearly to death. The Novis had far more power than the front wheels could possibly absorb. Let the driver tromp on it a shade too hard and the front end lifted. When that happened, the front wheels broke traction and with the sudden slowing the rear tried to catch up with the nose. This temperamental quirk soured name chauffeurs on front drive, but they were only half right, just as the car was only half right.

Without in any way detracting from the skillful, brave and deserving performance of winner Bob Sweikert in the John Zink Special, this year's 500 somehow managed to be both frightening and depressing. Indianapolis has plenty of new talent. What it needs is new and safer cars. It needs them in the worst way. (END.)



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BOXING

by RUDD SCHULBERG

SID'S EXPERT HAS AN OUTLANDISH
DREAM IN WHICH JIM NORRIS TAKES
THE STAND AND TALKS LIKE A MAN
WHO REALLY CARES ABOUT BOXING

I'M NOT SURE I should go to this party," I said to my wife. "I have a boxing column due in the morning. Maybe I better stay in and get at it. There's a lot to write about the sport these days."

"The what?" she asked.

"A new word," I said. "A cross between a sport and a racket. It can't seem to make up its mind what it is. Commissioner Helfand is looking for the answer in New York. The Pennsylvania Commission has shut the sport out for 90 days, a cooling-off period after someone fed Harold Johnson a crazy, mixed-up orange. Even Governor Goodie Knight out in California is getting into the act. He's investigating boxing too. He suspects not only boxing but even wrestling may be fixed once in a while. Sharp boy, that Goodie."

"Don't you think you can write this in the morning? We promised the Brownes we'd show up."

A MOMENTOUS PERIOD

"Well, I really should write this while I'm hot. This is a momentous period in the history of the ring. After all I've followed this business all my life and here it is on the ropes, maybe in danger of being abolished. A few more crooks, another Johnson-Mederos mess, or the boycott of a popular contender like Martinez, one more Jimmy Carter "upset," another phony comeback like Sugar Ray's (which could stand a bit of fumigating, by the way) and boxing may have to go underground. And it's a shame too. Because it's a marvelous sport to watch—at its best. And it's such a natural for TV, if only the guys who've got it in their pockets would straighten up and fly right."

"Doesn't Jim Norris run it?" asked my wife, who doesn't stick close to this thing but picks up a name from time to time.

"He's the head man," I said. "He gets the close-up on the 20-inch screen."

"Then why can't he fix it?" she asked with a woman's way of cutting to the heart of things she doesn't understand.

"I guess he could, if he wanted to," I said.

"But if he's in charge, and he doesn't want to see it abolished, or get a bad name, why shouldn't he want to?" she asked.

"Darling, I guess we might as well go to the party," I said. "I'll write it first thing in the morning."

The Martins were 10 to 1, about the same as the odds on the Marciano-Cockell, and your chances of staying firmly on your feet were no better than the battered Battersea blimp's. I was into the ninth round when the butler stepped between me and the tray to save me from further punishment.

With praise for my courageous stand still ringing in my ears I slumped down in my corner. Next morning my ears were still ringing, in a somewhat different key from the sound of the alarm clock reminding me it was time to wax creative on my column. I had decided to write about Norris and his response, if you could call it that, to cross-examination by Commissioner Helfand. But first I reached a quivering hand toward the morning papers and turned, as always, to the sports page. The words seemed to be jumping off the page like salmon leaping upstream to the spawning ponds. Pink salmon instead of elephants, spelling out:

NORRIS SPEAKS OUT AGAINST BOXING EVILS

I read on, fascinated. If these old eyes were not deceiving me, Jim Norris was saying:

"Commissioner, I'm glad you asked me about Carbo. Naturally I read your predecessor's statement and am aware that Carbo is a notorious racketeer with a criminal record and an unsavory reputation for controlling leading boxers, even champions, through managers who front for him. I fear it is all too true that Carbo and Blinky Palermo got together to queer the LaMotta-Billy Fox thing a few years back and I was shocked at the possibility that these two gentlemen might have done business again on the Gavlán-Saxton fiasco. After all there is no better way to discourage fight fans than to allow the hand of corruption to stain the championship itself. Believe me, Commissioner, I am just as eager as you are

continued on page 52



PUZZLE: WHICH SPORTSMAN DRIVES A 1955 NASH?

THAT GLOOMY GUY in the upper right-hand corner drives a 1955 Nash Ambassador.

Ordinarily he's almost unbearably cheerful, because anybody who drives a car styled by Pinin Farina, the famous sports-car designer, is a cinch to be happy as a lark. Especially when the car has luxurious Airliner Reclin-

ing Seats that turn into Twin Travel Beds in one minute flat, All-Season Air Conditioning, a sensational new 208-horsepower V-8 engine and the smoothest ride since the invention of the wheel. However, he just remembered he forgot to put a nickel in the parking meter.

(That fat man with the foolish grin

drives a 1952 Apex Eight, and would gladly trade it even-up for a pogo stick. But he just remembered that his bachelor uncle, the one with the oil wells, has been feeling a bit frazzled lately. If things work out, this bird will be zipping around in a new Nash any day now.)

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in cooperation with



the week of June 5 to June 11

BOXING

continued from page 59

to run the Carbo and Palermo and all their kind out of the game. You can count on me for 100% cooperation."

Helfand: "Thank you, Mr. Norris. Now can you tell me what you know about the 'grounding' of welterweight contender Vince Martinez, because he is on the outs with Bill Daly and the managers' guild."

Norris: "Commissioner, I'm very much concerned over the Martinez matter. Vince was undefeated in 1954, had a real following and seemed a logical challenger for the welterweight title sometime in 1955. But since his falling out with his manager over their financial split, no other manager will match his boy against him. He's been forced into inactivity for half a year now. So one of our most promising and able fighters is boycotted in the prime of his career. I am against boycotts. I think Martinez is the victim of conduct that is absolutely un-American. The boy has won 40 of his 43 fights and strikes me as a standout challenger for the winner of the Basilio-DeMarco title fight. There is precious little boxing talent around these days and we can't afford to have headlines like Martinez barred from the ring illegally. It isn't fair to the fans. I am going to insist that this controversy be settled, even if I have to get some of these managers in here and knock their heads together. As long as I'm in charge, boxing is going to be run according to the fine American standards of fair play."

END OF THE DREAM

The alarm clock was still ringing. I fumbled to turn it off and taking advantage of a mandatory eight-count, I waited for my head to clear. I was reading the newspaper a little more clearly now. Helfand had interrogated Norris all right. But on Carbo, Jim had testified that he had no idea what Frankie did for a living, or what his connection with boxing was, if any. And when asked about the boycott on Martinez, the boss of the IBC pleaded total ignorance. He's been topic A in the boxing business for months but somehow Jim never heard of it.

My wife appeared with a cup of black coffee and a gentle rebuke for my falling asleep after the first alarm.

"Ah, but it was worth it," I said. "I was having the most wonderful dream. I dreamt Jim Norris said..."

"Don't tell me, write it down," she said. "Maybe that's your column."

By geeh, it was.

END

Success...



Recent Arnolt-Bristol successes include a near sweep of the two litre class at the 1955 Sebring Grand Prix — 1st, 2nd, 4th, and 5th. Plus the overall team prize. At the Cumberland National SCCA Races, 1st in the two litre class, 2nd overall, in the ½-hour Cumberland Businessmen's Trophy event. And on Arnolt-Bristol is the current co-holder of the SCCA two litre championship.

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Write for your free copy of the 1955 full color
PowerLab catalog Dept. 525



TROUT, WAIVER. Big brownies are big news. So large Lakelands are said to have been 10 pounds. Hatch Lake has produced 5 over 4 pounds, 10 10½ pounds, and reports of whitefish continue to come from ponds sited across the square—400, for Hatch Lake through June.

WESTERN darters on Ferry Lake is still the hot spot as 4-promoters assault red-and-white warbler species. Madison River holds well but weak on myxins and streamers and Flathead River in Yellowstone (Bozeman) but GP for all streams as first warm days will flood and muddy them.

OFAs taken. Forged from Gilboa, Revere and
Kurtis, 6, about 3 1/2 years. Maintaining good
height and W40-55 lb. long river, but not
streams are low and mud run. OF G for every-
thing fly fishing in north river. OF G for the
Riverford green drink back camp and went
to the river. OF G for the river. OF G for the
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May fly fish have shown upstream movement of
winter-like flows, predicts fly-fishing
fishing through dense, light foliage in smaller
streams. OF G for the river. OF G for the
river. OF G for the river. OF G for the river.

WICHITA, Kan.—After 500, 500 conditions last week, the Anadarko, Muskogean, Platte, Sangre and lower peninsula rivers are producing well on the main and lower, and 600 ft.

1940s. Main Salmon River H. D. FP but some of smaller tribs. report FG, during early morning fly hatches. North Fork of Boise H. D. FP! Reddy, Rattlesnake and Wild Goat creeks FG with flies, and trout.

[illegible]

MULTI-DAYS: Common warbler including 4-yr-old small in northern States. Inbred in both northern lakes and streams of eastern half but possibly being a very rare accidental form. Our sig. say: **FP**, **FP**, except for Oahe River, at Rifleman Canyon, and Silver Lake-Lakes, about 10,000 feet above sea level. June 15, 80 July 1 for golden throat in Canyon south lake, and July 10, 80, Parkers on both slopes of Sierra. Start regular trips to back-country winter- June 24 In groups 100, for late June 80.

PANORAMA. Allergic Fibred streams still L.C. W62-50, FF and best bet for the fisher. Small head stream at Tule River Salitron and Spring creeks in Fresno County. Timbers and thick woods had heavy bushes and growing W.F. makes landing sport tricky. In neither river reaches streams are link again after last week's rain and trout were building in spring holes at gross time, one good can catch outside this area. In central state the Yuba River has growing trout and some small head stream last week was very link and dark but FF in both streams and run is needed ON

NEW MEXICO: Rio Grande S. C. FG with fish and bull OG; Red River SH, D, FP, OF; Chama and Pecos rivers SE, D, FF, G, with bull, OG; FP through entire Pecos region as a substitute OG for most of state as central Oregon fishes are warming and bloating. Workshop Reservoir is best bet for big brown-on spottail and kumquat-wet bass.

OSTRACUS. Most great streams in Stollery area
L. C. WY58-61, worms and spinners favored.
OH. low low, low fish reported.

HAUTSHI and UREYA. As water level is drawn down and makes most lakes accessible, big Karuloups trout are showing frequently and smaller fish are abundant. In general, OH and increasing with warmer weather.

COMB: AND INDIANA As Henry Parn looked down the oil rig for redneck, from examining aluminum by about the creek a finger pointed out groundswell. It was among it small school and looked like a purpose' said Henry. We could see it clearly, and its head is as long as a log-burn oil can.' It's still there. **COM:**

SOUTH CAROLINA. Ocracoke Island reports seasonal run of 25 to 50 spotted cobia from sloughs near Ocracoke Inlet and Pamlico Sound. **DC.**

MUSKELLUNGE: RESISTANCE. Although muskie baits haven't held and forage levels are low, muskies are playing hard to get in most areas. (Exception: Ashland, Iron and Otsego counties.) Lately, Moss Chum and Sagar Carp Chum are proving to work best but no lunkers. In Vicks County, a few barely-losers were caught from Frog Trap Flotation on muskies. **OK, are water skippers.**

MIDDLELAND: Nothing over 36 inches reported from Ladoe St. Clear but action is improving and should be at peak about June 15. Export advice medium-size silver spoon trolled at 72 to 114 foot depth near shore, over weeds.

STRIPED BASS: MAJOR WATERS. Daily bright spot in Cape Cod Canal as NE wind and mid-water drifts bring bass to beaches. Most 17 bass, 20 to 41 pounds, were taken from canal at Herring Run last Friday. 10 more on Saturday morning. Most local experts say at low tides, bass that were once flinging cobble and jugs: FG at two hours before tide turns to east, one hour before turn to west. FG for school bass at Wareham River, Plimoth River, Truro with tin glass snorkel.

4.41.100.015.1A As readily water-soluble in San Juan and San Pedro lvs., 40% 4 for small (and horizontal) stems.

TARPON: *Stomoxys*—High-jumpers are putting on good show from Keys to Apalachee Bay. Last week's top fish was 10 pounds.

TEXAS. 4-foot 7-inch Wayne Morris of Corpus Christi caught a 6-foot 5-inch tarpon last Friday from Bick Hill Pier on Padre Island. Fishermen on South Pier at Port Aransas had 8 tarpon strikes on same day, lost 5, 400 through Jule.

BLACK BASIN: known in Upper White River Co., N. OH. with limits the rule. Larvae River S. E. fishing almost as excellent as anyone can find as bass light into plugs, flies and spinner lures with the best of us.

Florida. Dan Murray, Lake Wales druggist, went down today with a fly rod just west of Lake Kissimmee, came home with 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ -pound bluegill bass and idiosyncratic expression.

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QUEENS OF THE DEEP

Ed Axelson



WATER

Three proud yachts with a reputation for speed have thrown down their formidable challenges to some of the biggest fleets in the history of modern ocean racing

by ROBERT N. BAVIER JR.

TO ANYONE who has raced on the deep water, there is no more beautiful or more discouraging sight than James Michael's black-hulled *Baruna* charging to windward (left), or the trim *Hoot Mon* (right) skimming to leeward, her red-orange spinnaker reaching out to catch every breath of air. For each of these racing queens is virtually unbeatable at her specialty. Last winter, in the Caribbean, *Hoot Mon* won both the Miami-Nassau and St. Petersburg-Havana races in a successful defense of her southern circuit championship (SI, March 28) and *Baruna*, already an acknowledged mistress of major fixtures like the Bermuda race, is a prime favorite in the July 4th dash to Honolulu.

Another favorite with a reputation for speed is Carl Hovgard's proud *Circe* (next page), considered the hottest of the entries in the 3,450-mile race to Sweden starting this week off Newport, R.I. Fortunately for the competition, these boats can enter only one race at a time, and in a season so busy that a yachtsman who cared to could race every week, there will be more than enough honors to go round. For example, a day after *Circe* and Co. head for Sweden, another squadron of ocean racers will leave Havana headed for

continued on next page

"BARUNA" (left), 72-foot yawl owned by James Michael of Belvedere, Calif., was Bermuda champion in 1938 and '48. She is a favorite in Los Angeles-Honolulu race.

"HOOT MON" (right), 39-footer skippered by Lockwood Fiefe of Chicago, won St. Petersburg-Havana race to take southern circuit title for second straight year.





Mary Flanagan

"CIRCE," owned by Carl Hogard of Rye, N.Y., is dangerous competitor on spinnaker run (where) ee on a beat to windward. A top placer in Bermuda races, *Circe's* fast hull and efficient yawl rig give her relatively high handicap. Nevertheless, she is considered the boat to beat in the ocean race to Sweden starting this week from Newport, R.I.

QUEENS OF THE DEEP WATER

continued from page 57

San Sebastian, Spain. However, the entrants in the San Sebastian event will get only one race for their money. Up north the calendar is crowded. For this is the year of the 125th anniversary of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club,



SLOOP

and at least 13 American boats are going to Sweden to take part in the two-week-long anniversary regatta.

First, of course, will race over, heading up the first competition across the north Atlantic in 20 years. Sailing against her will be Richard Nye's brand-new *Corvus*, which was built in Germany and rushed to New York by steamer last week. Four German boats—*Peter von Danzig*, skippered by Rolf Dehning of Kiel; the *Sekhassel von Bremen*, sailed by Rudolph Koppmeyer of Bremen; Willy Bruns' 56-foot *Korowan* from Hamburg; *Oskar*, a 49-foot sloop owned by the Hamburg Ocean Racing Club—and the 47-foot ketch *Sturmagir* from Norway will join the Americans in the long transatlantic race. Most of the other U.S. boats, including the 71-foot *Windsor* (see cover), will be shipped over on freighters.

The summer will be just as busy for American yachtsmen who stay at home. Only six days after the San Sebastian race begins, some 30 boats will start from New London bound for Annapolis. On July 2 there is a race from



CUTTER

Gulfport, Miss. to Pensacola. Two days later the Honolulu race begins; and so it goes through the entire season.

This whirl of activity is quite a contrast to the quiet seasons from 1900 to 1920 when there was barely one real

ocean race a year; and until the revival of the Bermuda race in 1923 the owners of deep-water sailboats were pretty much confined to cruising. The few boats that did compete in those days bore little resemblance to the crack racers of today. Heavy, broad-beamed and slow, they were patterned after commercial fishing schooners. One of the early exceptions was my father's 59-foot yawl *Mancry*, which had started life as a day-racing sloop of the New York 40 class. Dad put a Marconi rig in her—the first such rig to race offshore—and was first to finish the 1923 Bermuda race. He duplicated this feat in the 1924 event, and beat the entire fleet on corrected time besides.

Incidentally, the equalizing effect of this handicapping device called corrected time has had a great deal to do with the continued popularity of ocean racing. Generally speaking, length is the major governing factor in a sailing boat's speed, a good big boat being



YAWL

faster than a good little boat. Another key to speed is the type of rig, i.e., a yawl or cutter is faster than a schooner on most points of sailing. There are many other factors—like beam, sail area, total displacement, etc. Therefore, without some sort of time allowance, a handful of boats might win all the races.

Corrected time prevents this by giving each boat a rating which allows her a certain number of seconds per mile of the course compared to another boat of a higher rating. If she finishes within this allowance she has done a better job, deserves to be declared the winner. For instance, in the 1951 Honolulu race, Richard Rheem's 95-foot schooner *Morning Star* was the first boat to finish. But after corrected times were computed the tiny *Sea Watch*, a 36-foot ketch that sailed a fine race for her size but finished 3 days, 22 hours, behind *Morning Star*, was declared the winner. *Morning Star* dropped to 19th.

Not long after my father's boat established her reputation, a group of

new contenders, designed and built specifically for ocean racing, began to appear. One early winner was the graceful and still-fast schooner *Nida*, which made her debut in 1928. In 1930 the Stephens brothers' *Forush* was built,



KETCH

the first truly modern ocean racer. Only 52 feet long, she was yawl-rigged and deep and narrow in beam.

Then came *Staring Weather*—winner of the last north Atlantic race in 1933—*Esperade*, *Barnes* and a long list of other champions down to the ultramodern *Hood Moan*.

In the search for speed, however, the skippers of these ocean racers have not sacrificed comfort. The modern deep-water contender has comfortable sleeping accommodations, spacious galleys and roomy quarters in the main cabin. All have toilet rooms. Many have hot-water showers. All have iceboxes. Even fireplaces are not unusual. And there is an abundance of storage space and lockers fitted into their sleek hulls to enable the crews to carry food, stores, clothing, spare parts and extra sails so that the boat, once it leaves the dock, is completely self-sufficient.

These wonderfully complete boats are as well suited to quiet vacations as they are to transoceanic racing. And, in fact, as soon as the big races are



SCHOONER

finished, most of the sailors in Honolulu, Sweden, and San Sebastian will relax to do some leisurely cruising. For above all an ocean racer is built for pleasure, and the deepest pleasure comes not so much from winning as from being on the sea, aboard a real thoroughbred that will carry her crew to any port their will directs. END



NEW ESTATE OWNERS. The Atkinsons—Cathie, Mrs., and John—go bird watching in the backyard of recently acquired Long Island house once owned by F.D.R. Jr.

The Atkinsons

(continued from page 4)

during a race and his agent came to break the news. "I knew what had happened the minute I saw him coming up the walk," Martha says. "There was no reason for me to know, but I just did." She fled to the hospital, where Ted lay unconscious for two hours, while the doctors decided whether or not his skull was fractured. It was only a concussion; his first conscious words were, "Take care of Martha. She's pregnant." His next words were, "When can I go back to work?"

After Tropical Park came Narragansett and then Suffolk Downs near Boston. Ted would leave for the track at six in the morning, return at 10 for a bite to eat and then take off again at 12. He would be home by seven, but so tired that he would fall right to sleep while Martha read a book or a magazine or sometimes just wept quietly to herself. She wanted to go to the track in the mornings with Ted but he refused to take her. "I thought I married a woman, not a baby," he told her.

She was lonely and afraid and a little spoiled. She had never kept house, preferring stable to kitchen, and cooking was a strange and hostile art.

But the days passed, and they moved on to the next track, and a baby girl was born near Rockingham Park in New Hampshire at the close of the meeting. Ted had to leave at once for Florida, so Martha's mother came to help. They rejoined Ted in Miami

Springs and were with him only three months before Ted kissed his wife and headed North again. Martha remembers him in those days as always worrying, always beset by a driving passion to get a stake and put it in the bank. He was making close to \$10,000 a year then, riding mostly at the second-flight tracks, but his ambition to get ahead was insatiable.

RAIN NOR SLEET...

One day not long before the baby was born, Martha was half frightened to death when she heard that Ted had had another fall. She left at once to join him. This one was serious: his throat had been slashed open by a hoof and he had nearly bled to death. The doctor had confined him to bed for at least two weeks. Martha had been at his bedside for a week when Ted got out of bed, packed a bag despite her protests, and headed for the track. On the way he ripped off the handage so that the track officials would think he was in condition to ride. But they took one look at him, swaying on his feet, and ordered him off until he could return with a doctor's certificate. Ted was furiously inconsolable.

By then Martha was reconciled to the kind of man he was. At first, when she saw the trouble he had getting mounts, she had urged him to look for other jobs. "If he had listened to me, we would have had a hot dog stand

by now," she says today. But 15 years ago a jockey was looked down upon in a way no longer entirely true. To a girl like Martha, brought up as a favored citizen of her community, that treatment was shameful and humiliating. She still remembers with a trace of bitterness trying to rent a summer cottage outside of Boston and being turned down. Her husband was a jockey.

In the fall of 1942 the breaks started going Ted's way. From then on life for the Atkinsons was increasingly rosy. Ted was strictly on the Grade A circuit now where race riding was both more comfortable and more lucrative than anywhere else. When another child was born, this one a boy, the Atkinsons settled down to a routine that included mainly the New York and Florida tracks, with occasional diversions such as the Kentucky Derby. They bought a house on Long Island to go with the one in Miami Springs. The days of rising at six to exercise horses were cut almost in half. Ted signed a contract with the Greentree Stables as their regular rider. The contract is still in force. Greentree pays him a retainer of \$12,000 a year for first call on his services. In addition, he gets the usual jockey's 10% of stake prizes he wins for them. This does not prevent him from riding mounts of other stables, if Greentree has no horse running and, in fact, Atkinson makes most of his money from other stables. But he is primarily a Greentree rider and he likes it that way. It seems to satisfy that security drive.

Today the Atkinsons lead an easy and graceful life. Ted is a minor sort of celebrity. Like other jockeys, he is often berated by those who have bet unsuccessfully on his horse, but he has the reputation among horse followers as a completely honest jockey who will always give you a good ride.

His wife takes all this with a certain basic serenity. "They have to blame someone," she says, when she hears Ted hooted after a losing race. Although she wants him to win, she is often relieved when he is up on a long shot, since the customers will not expect too much of him. She rarely goes to the track herself, although she is still interested in horses. She will go more often to one of the trotting tracks, where she will renew old friendships. She still considers the trotters as the elite of racing, and is quick to point out that the best grooms and blacksmiths on the running tracks have usually first learned their trade with the trotters. However, she no longer shares her parents' opinion that running-horse people

are beneath notice. Her failure to go more often to the race track is only because she considers it a waste of time. In this, as in other ways, she differs from the wives of other jockeys, most of whom go often to the track.

Both of the Atkinsons stand rather aloof from the track life. They seldom entertain and they do not see much socially of other jockeys and their wives, although they are friendly with them. Ted's relations with the other jockeys, particularly the younger ones, can best be described as avuncular. He is often called upon for advice, which he gives soberly and after considerable thought. He is generally a thoughtful man, with the manner and speech of a clerk more than a jockey. Each evening after a day of racing, he makes notes on his day's work. Martha gets out the notebook she keeps and Ted dictates his impressions of the horses he rode that day. He frequently solicits Martha's opinion, even though she was not at the track. A typical entry reads: "Good effort. Warm up well. Good run from way back inside. Hung slightly through stretch while lugging in." Ted refers to these notes either when he rides on or against the same horse again.

NIGHTS IN

Otherwise, the Atkinsons' evenings are spent looking at television or reading. They both read most of the current books and magazines. In addition Ted will read *U.S. News and World Report*, the *Wall Street Journal* and a number of investment journals. Their life is ordered and equable, except for rare moments of sickness or accident or when Ted is set down, which is even rarer. Then Ted is afflicted with a terrible temper. But these lapses are infrequent.

Like most jockey families, the Atkinsons have to think of the future when Ted won't be riding anymore. This is what they had in mind when they bought their new Woodbury home. With its 22 acres of pastures and woods, it is admirably suited to boarding horses. Ted expects one day to run a horse farm on the place. Neither of their children is as fond of horses as their parents are and they don't particularly care for riding. But the children are proud of their father and keep up with his clippings. Cathie, the elder, knows racing as well as who is her father's competition. Once she met Bing Crosby, who asked her if she knew Eddie Arcaro. Cathie fixed him with a steely eye and asked him if he knew Frank Sinatra.

END



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4-13

THE HAPPY CHICAGO CUBS

continued from page 22

said, "I don't mean they have the best pitching. They don't. They don't have enough pitchers. But the pitchers they got are power pitchers. They throw hard. They blow the ball past you. They're not spring flowers. This big guy Bob Rush kills us. And that guy Hacker is murder in a tough game. And that Jones, he looks like the real thing: a real fast ball, a real good curve. Only thing that hurts him is control trouble. When he's over the plate you can't hit him. Then Jeffcoat comes in in the late innings and throws that sinker and nobody's going to hurt him. That's good pitching. The Cubs are all right."

Stan Hack agreed that the pitching was very important and agreed further that Shortstop Ernie Banks and Second Baseman Gene Baker, in their second full season, were just about the best double-play combination in the

league. But he picked out something else as the main reason for success.

"The outfield has made the difference," says Hack. "Balls that went through for extra bases last year [when the Cubs had a heavy-footed, slow-moving outfield of Ralph Kiner in left, Frank Baumholtz in center and Sauer in right] are being caught. These young fellows we have are doing a wonderful job. King and Speake and Tappe and Boiger. But the nearest thing to a key man on this team, if there is such a thing, is Eddie Miksis."

Miksis? Miksis is a journeyman infielder who came up with the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1944, was traded to the Cubs in 1951 and seemed doomed to spend his entire major league career as a utility man. A front office Brooklyn Dodger noted that the Cubs were playing Miksis in the outfield. "If they're

playing Eddie out there," he said, "they're hurting."

"That's not so," says Hack. "He's been a tremendous outfielder for us. He's made some great catches. He comes in on ground balls better than anyone else in the league."

Earl Torgeson, the Philadelphia Phils first baseman, agrees with Hack on Miksis. "He's made plays I haven't seen anyone else make. He makes their outfield. And with Banks and Baker at short and second, they've got wonderful defense through the middle."

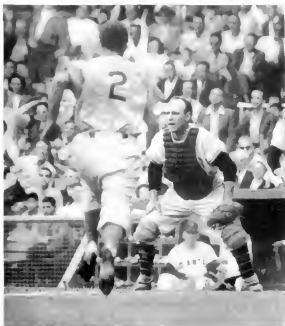
Nevertheless, against Philadelphia the Cubs had trouble. Jones lost a two-bitter to Robin Roberts on his own careless fielding. The Phils blasted Warren Harker, took an 8-0 lead and held off a Cub rally to win 8-4.

The implication was plain. It was June. The Cubs had lost two straight. They were folding up. They held second place by only 2½ games and a four-game series was coming up against the third-place New York Giants. But on Friday night in the Polo Grounds, Bob Rush killed the Giants, 4-1. Miksis, Speake and Gene Baker hit home runs. On Saturday the Giants struck back, routed Starting Pitcher Howie Pollet and had a 7-2 lead going into the seventh inning. Then Jim King beelied a three-run homer into right to bring the score to 7-5. In the eighth Miksis tied the score with a two-run homer to left. Hal Jeffcoat came in and protected the tie, fighting the Giants down through four precarious innings. In the eleventh, with rain falling, Ernie Banks punched a single into left that scored two runs and gave the Cubs an exhilarating uphill victory. They were sure of a split in the four-game series, sure of going out of the Polo Grounds in second place. In the clubhouse after the game Third Baseman Randy Jackson said with quiet pride, "We sure fought the hell out of them, didn't we?"

The next day, Sunday, Sal Maglie stopped the Cubs 3-2 in the first game of a double-header, and Jim Hearn had them down 1-0 with two outs in the ninth inning of the second game. But Banks singled, Dee Fondy walked and Pinch-Hitter Baumholtz hit Relief Pitcher Marv Grissom's first pitch into the seats for a three-run home run.

The folding Cubs had played four bitter games with the world champion Giants and had won three of them. They were ten games over .500 and had a solid 4½-game grasp on second place.

The cry was still the old familiar "Wolf!" but the villagers began to look at each other uneasily. Maybe the boy meant it this time. (END)



STUDY IN FRUSTRATION is what Artist Thomas Meehan (opposite page) might call this Yale Joel photograph of Giants' Catcher Wes Westrum waiting fruitlessly for ball as Cub Third Baseman Randy Jackson (2) scores winning run in eleventh inning.



THE CROUCHING FIGURE. *Catcher at the Plate*, is the man with "the tools of ignorance" baseball's nickname for his trappings.

THE HOT SUN BURNS down on catcher and runner in Meehan's *Waiting for a Decision at Home*, a motionless moment of high tension.

SPORT IN ART

MAN BEHIND THE MASK

TO THE EYE of the artist, no medieval joust-er with visored helmet ever strode out on field of battle with more audacity than the man behind the catcher's mask at the ball park. In his characteristic gear he seems a crouching demigod, now pouncing with incredible agility for a play at the plate, now silently directing the campaign with his signals. His dramatic world, within the perimeter of home plate, is the center of the sensitive paintings on these pages by Philadelphia painter Thomas Meehan.



**MAN BEHIND
THE MASK**
continued



LIKE a shimmering mosaic, Thomas Meehan's painting of the catcher behind the screen making a mighty stretch for a high one is a sensitive artist's impression of color and action in the ball park. His enthusiasm and knowledge of the game of baseball, combined with his eye for color and design, bring a fresh excitement to these paintings of America's national game.

KEEP IN THE PINK

R

SHOULDER AND NECK MASSAGE

Most home-practiced masseurs set to massaging with such vigor and verve that they are the ones who wind up with overtaxed muscles. This way everybody loses. The key to an effective rubdown without tiring yourself out is to keep the hands relaxed and, more important, to follow through with the entire body instead of merely moving the arms. The masseur uses one or a combination of handholds, depending on the size of the muscles to be worked on and their accessibility. The simplest, in spite of its sophisticated name, is *effleurage*, a rhythmic stroking motion of surface muscles with both hands. When the ache is in the large muscles of the back (SI, June 6) or arm or leg, masseurs should use the entire hand. But in a limited area like the neck, massaging is done with the fingers or the palm of the hand alone.

As a rule, every rubdown begins with *effleurage*. Then, to relax and loosen up the deeper muscles, *petrissage* or kneading is used: the skin and a portion of the muscle is picked up from the bone and gently rolled between thumb and fingers to help stimulate blood flow through the muscle so as to remove waste products. Diagrammed below is this theory applied to a stiff shoulder and kinked neck.

SHOULDER PETRissage



With one hand, lift up a segment of muscle from the shoulder and roll it between the thumb and fingers using a moderate amount of pressure but not enough to cause pain. Before releasing the muscle, grasp another segment with the other hand. Work in rhythmic fashion, so that one hand is constantly kneading for five to seven minutes. Before massaging, lubricate skin with mineral oil; finish with rubbing alcohol.

NECK EFFLEURAGE



With fingers together, cupped to contours of the neck, stroke muscles which run down the sides and back of the neck, starting at the base of the head and moving to the shoulders. Keep hands moving together in circular pattern and always in contact with the skin. Apply moderate pressure with each downward stroke, light touch when returning up neck to the hairline. Continue the massage for five to seven minutes.

Next week: massage to limber legs and ease tired feet

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YESTERDAY

IKE'S FAVORITE BRIDGE HAND

by **ALBERT MOREHEAD**



VETERAN BRIDGE PLAYER Eisenhower dealt his favorite bridge hand nine years ago in a game at an Alpine retreat with Generals Gruenther, Clark and Moses. He made a redoubled grand slam in diamonds.



NORTH (CLARK)



WEST (GRUENTHER)



EAST (MOSES)



SOUTH (EISENHOWER)

Neither solo vulnerable.
South dealt. The bidding:

South	West	North	East
Eisenhower	Gruenther	Clark	Moses
6♦	Double	7♦	Double
Pass	Pass	Redouble	Pass

HOW GOOD IS IKE'S BRIDGE GAME?

SINCE 1942, when Dwight D. Eisenhower was sent to take charge in Europe, his bridge-playing has been recurrently noted in the newspapers and he has usually been described as a bridge "expert." The question is, what is an expert and just how good is Ike's bridge? There are thirty million bridge players. They can be divided into at least ten thousand different levels of skill, in which every player is an expert to all below him and a palooka to all above.

In golf you can pretty well judge a man by his scores. It is known that Ike's handicap is 11, which places his game in the middle 80's and him among the top 5% of all golfers.

Unlike golf scores, bridge scores mean almost nothing. Victory can be the result of skill, but it can also result from good cards or bad opponents. Ike is exclusively a rubber-bridge player, so he cannot be officially rated as one of the 50,000 tournament-playing members of the American Contract Bridge League. However, in recent years some of the best American players (notably Oswald Jacoby and Ely Culbertson) have had an opportunity to play with the President, and they have returned

with convincing reports of his prowess.

President Eisenhower, it seems clear, is not overrated as a bridge player. Says Culbertson, "He plays in the same class as Al Gruenther." (General Alfred Gruenther, NATO Supreme Commander, is Ike's favorite bridge partner and for nearly thirty years has been considered the best bridge player in the United States Army.) The consensus is that in the best bridge-club games, the President would be on a par with anyone except the "pro," and that if he played in official tournaments he could be at least a Senior Master (the second-highest rank). This would place him just under the top 500 players, whose rank is "Life Master."

Says Jacoby, "I know a lot of persons who play good bridge. They have learned how the game should be played. But their play is wooden. The President obviously plays intelligent bridge. He thinks about what he does and what he does is done with good reason. He's the nicest person at the bridge table that I've ever played with. He doesn't get excited about winning or losing but he plays hard. He plays better bridge than golf; he tries to break 90 at golf; at bridge you would say he does break 80."

In a bridge game, Eisenhower is serious and studious. He does not play "poker bridge," the style of play in which one tries primarily to fool the opponents by unconventional play. Rather, he tries to do the right thing. While both styles of play can be effective, the majority of the topflight players favor the straightforward game that Eisenhower plays. Eisenhower plays a simple bidding system. The Blackwood slam convention is the only artificial bidding device he uses.

Eisenhower bids and plays fast and decisively. He does not hog the bidding and try to play all the hands (traditionally a weakness of men in commanding positions). He often chooses a trump as an opening lead, which is if anything a strong point in his game, for the average player leads trumps too seldom.

No one could possibly enjoy a bridge game more than Eisenhower does. In November 1942, the invasion of North Africa was all in readiness but some 800 Allied ships were fogbound off the African coast. "What'll we do now?" the other ranking officers asked. "Let's have a game of bridge," Eisenhower replied. So they did. Eisenhower, Gruenther, General Mark Clark

and Commander Harry Butcher, Ike's Naval Aide, played bridge until the fog lifted and the invasion could begin.

In January 1946, when Clark was American Commander in occupied Austria and Gruenther was his Chief of Staff, Eisenhower summoned them to join him at a mountain resort in the Alps. When they arrived, Eisenhower was waiting for them with one of his staff officers, Brig. Gen. Raymond Moses. The first thing he said was, "Let's play some bridge." It was at this time that Ike's favorite hand (shown at the left) was played.

NEED TO RELAX

During the war, when he was working long hours seven days a week, Ike had few possibilities for bridge but whenever possible he would assemble the best players among his staff officers and have a game. It was almost his only effective form of relaxation. Since bridge itself is a difficult and nerve-straining game, especially when played seriously, this may seem like a paradox; yet the explanation is simple. In his official capacity, Eisenhower was constantly faced with tough decisions. Any decision, if wrong, could cost thousands of lives. The most relaxing thing he could do was to play a game in which the problems were tough, the solutions difficult, but the consequences of error were just a few hundred harmless points written down on a scorepad.

Eisenhower learned to play bridge in 1917, shortly after he and Mamie Doud were married. Bridge was then (and to a large extent still is) a necessary accomplishment in the itinerant officer society of the Regular Army. Occasionally officers and wives play together in mixed games, but most of the Eisenhower's bridge through the years has been divided by sexes, the men in one game and the women in another. While their husbands were overseas during the four long years of World War II, a group of Army wives who lived in Washington including Mrs. Gruenther and Mrs. Clark played bridge several afternoons each week and occasionally Mamie dropped in.

Eisenhower is the first bridge-playing President. Harding and Truman were both first-class at poker, which Ike does not play. FDR used to take a stub of a pencil and laboriously work out the bridge hands (he called them "what jands") published in the Sunday morning papers, but he never actually played a bridge game while he was President and seldom before that. Taft and Hoover both tried bridge but neither of them cared much for it. (END)

HOW DIAMOND SLAM WAS PLAYED

"When I redoubled, Ike looked as if he was going to -soon," says General Clark, "but he made seven diamonds, doubled and redoubled." Precautionary measures typical of expert play were required to make the grand slam. West opened the king of clubs. South Eisenhower trumped it. Then he took the ace and king of spades and led back the three of spades. If West trumped, dummy could overtrump. So West discarded and dummy won the trick with its low diamond. Then the ace of trumps was taken, the South hand was entered by trumping a heart, trumps were drawn with the king and queen, and the South hand was good for the remaining tricks. If Eisenhower had led over one round of trumps before leading the spades, he would have lost his grand slam.

General Clark's basic reasoning was good: If Eisenhower could make six diamonds without the ace of trumps, he should be able to make seven diamonds with the ace of trumps. However, it would have been safer and just as profitable in most cases for Clark to redouble the six-diamond contract. Both Gruenther's and Moses' hands looked good enough to defeat the slam contracts, which explains their doubles.

The score was 1,610 points plus the value of the game (which was about 350 more).

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perfectly what we would like the
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Expert analysis of the entrants—
An exclusive conversation with the
usually reticent Ben Hogan, a four-
time winner—
The golf reporting of Herb Wind.

on newstands June 16

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.D.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

June 10 through June 19

FRIDAY, JUNE 10

- Baseball**
● Detroit vs. Boston, Briggs Stadium, Detroit, 2:55 p.m. (Mutual*).
NCAA championships, Omaha, Neb. (until June 14).
Boxing
● Tony DeMarco vs. Carmen Basilio, for world wel-
terweight title, Syracuse, N.Y. (15 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC*).
- Iceless**
North-South All-Star game, Baltimore.
- Rowing**
Cornell vs. Penn, Ithaca, N.Y.
- Track & Field**
S. Pacific Div. AAU championships, Los Angeles.
Pacific Div. AAU championships, Stockton, Calif.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11

- Auto Racing**
Le Mans 24-hour race, Le Mans, France (also June 12).
- Baseball**
● Cleveland vs. New York, Municipal Stadium, Cleveland, 1:55 p.m. (CBS*).
- Brooklyn vs. Chicago, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y. 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*).
- Horse Racing**
● Belmont Stakes, \$100,000, 1 1/2 m., 3-yr.-olds, Belmont Park, N.Y., 4:30 p.m. (CBS*).
- California Stakes, \$100,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Hollywood Park, Inglewood, Calif.
- Baltimore Turf Handicap, \$50,000, 1 3/16 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Baltimore Homewood, Md.
- Deseret Handicap, \$15,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Monmouth Park, N.J., 5:05 p.m. (ABC).
- Swimming**
Transatlantic race, Newport, R.I. to Malmstrom, Sweden.
- Track & Field**
Net. AAU championships, Rindis Island, N.Y.
Yale-Army vs. Oxford-Cambridge, London.

SUNDAY, JUNE 12

- Baseball**
● New York vs. St. Louis, Polo Grounds, N.Y., 2 p.m. (Mutual*).
- Boxing**
Women's IBC tournament ends, Omaha, Neb.
- Golf**
New International Championships & Canada Cup ends, Chevy Chase, Md.
- Horse Racing**
French Derby, 1 1/2 m., 3-yr.-olds, colts & fillies, Chantilly, France.
- Motorcycling**
AMA 100 m. nat'l. championship dirt-track race, Columbus, Ohio.
- Swimming**
Transatlantic race, Havana to San Sebastian, Spain.

MONDAY, JUNE 13

- Boxing**
● Ludwig Lightburn vs. Isaac Legat, waterweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont).
- Golf**
Trans-Mississippi Amateur, Des Moines, Iowa.
- Horse Racing**
Queens County Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Aqueduct, N.Y.

TUESDAY, JUNE 14

- Baseball**
● Boston vs. Kansas City, Fenway Park, Boston, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*).
- Golf**
USGA Savers tournament, Rye, N.Y.
Southern Amateur tournament, Lunenburg, N.C.
Triangle Round Robin (women), Grassinger, N.Y.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15

- Baseball**
● Chicago vs. New York (NL), Wrigley Field, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*).
- Boxing**
● Rafi (Rafael) Wacziarg vs. Billy Peacock, bantamweights, Los Angeles (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC), radio at 10:15 a.m.

THURSDAY, JUNE 16

- Baseball**
● Milwaukee vs. Philadelphia, County Stadium, Milwaukee, 3:25 p.m. (Mutual*).
- Golf**
U.S. Open begins, San Francisco.
- Horse Racing**
American Trotting Championships, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., free-for-all, Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, N.Y.

- Horse Racing**
Ascot Gold Cup, 2 1/2 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Ascot Heath, England.

FRIDAY, JUNE 17

- Auto Racing**
NASCAR 100-m. late model race, Rochester, N.Y.
- Baseball**
● Boston vs. Cleveland, Fenway Park, Boston, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*).
- Boxing**
● Emory Derrando vs. Ralph (Tiger) Jones, middleweights, Mad. Sq. Garden (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).
- Rowing**
Harvard vs. Yale, New London, Conn.

- Track & Field**
NCAA championships, Los Angeles.
Nat'l. AAU women's & girls' outdoor championships, Ponca City, Okla. (also June 18).

SATURDAY, JUNE 18

- Auto Racing**
Circuit of Champions 100 lap race, Buffalo, N.Y.
NASCAR 100-m. late model race, Fond du Lac, N.Y.
- Baseball**
● Boston vs. Cleveland, Fenway Park, Boston, 1:55 p.m. (CBS*).
- Milwaukee vs. New York, County Stadium, Milwaukee, 3:25 p.m. (Mutual*).
- Horse Racing**
The Chicagoan, \$50,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds, Baltimore, Homewood, Md.
- The Oaks, \$35,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr.-old fillies, Delaware Park, Stanton, Del.
- Shewin Stakes, \$25,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds, Aqueduct, N.Y., 4:15 p.m. (ABC).
- Lakos & Flowers Handicap, \$25,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Hollywood Park, Inglewood, Calif.
- Rowing**
● Intercollegiate Rowing Assn. championship regatta, Onondaga Lake, Syracuse, N.Y., 4:30 p.m. (ABC).
- Track & Field**
● NCAA championships, Los Angeles (CBS—following baseball game*).

SUNDAY, JUNE 19

- Auto Racing**
Netherlands Grand Prix, Zandvoort.
AAA 100-m. nat'l. championship race, Langhorne, Pa.
SCCA Mt. Equine Hillclimb, Mt. Equine, Vt.
SCCA sports car races, Lawrenceville, Ill.
- Baseball**
● New York vs. Chicago, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 2:00 p.m. (Mutual*).
- Motorcycling**
AMA 100-m. nat'l. championship road race, Locomo, N.H.
- *See local listing

NO 3-YEAR-OLD CHAMPION!

Sir:

I have refrained from joining in the discussions of Belmont's gross failure to let a fellow change his mind (always provided he ever wanted to change his mind) about running a horse named Swags here in the East.

But now, after your two-column head over John McDonald's letter (19TH HOLE, May 30) I am a little sore.

McDonald says, "I would like to persuade you to take a stronger editorial attitude toward the Swags-Nashua affair." What affair? Swags beat Nashua handily, in a good race. McDonald continues to say "... we won't have a 3-year-old champion." Why not? Mr. Andy Crevolin took his Determine home last spring and we had a 3-year-old champion. We've had 'em for a good many years, and many times they have not been the winner of the Kentucky Derby. Of the last nine winners of the Belmont, only one, Middleground, failed to be named champion in his year. Middleground was beaten out that autumn by Hill Prince (1950).

McDonald continues, "Yet the Belmont worthies incomprehensibly insist upon rules that prohibit supplementary nominations to the Belmont Stakes." Well, Belmont's nominations for this stake are on Feb. 15, the same date nominations close for the Derby and the Preakness. If a man wanted in the Belmont, he knew how to get in. There were 118 horses nominated by people who did know.

Why blame Belmont? Maybe Mr. Ellsworth should be blamed, unless, of course, he intended to do just what he did do—take dead aim on the Kentucky Derby and go on home with it.

As for McDonald's suggestion for supplementary nominations, it does seem to me that, since we still use early closing stakes (perhaps their usefulness is over), supplementary nominations are debatable. Personally, I don't think supplemental entries are fair to the ones who have gone along the regular way, without waiting to see whether it was worth the risk.

And all this has obscured a fine piece of horsemanship on the part of everyone connected with Swags in Kentucky. Everyone here hopes to blaze the way for the autumn racing. Win or lose, they'd be great to have around.

BOB KELLEY

New York Racing Association
New York

● For the very latest on Swags and Nashua see page 20.—ED.

THAT CRITIC OF GENIUS

Sir:

Stevens—phooie!
If Mr. George P. Stevens of New York—whose comment (81, May 30) on William Faulkner's report on the Kentucky Derby consisted of the phrase, "Faulkner—phooie!"—wishes to read such simple prose as any dunderhead could understand, I might refer him to the *Daily Racing Form*. There, the only words of more than

two syllables are the names of the horses themselves. It would be a classic struggle, but I think Mr. Stevens might fight his way through.

Possibly Mr. Stevens would have liked to punch Albert Einstein in the nose, since the great Stevens seems to favor the abolishment of everything which his brain cannot fathom.

Writers are hired to write, not to cater to the elementary taste which is apparently so abundant in this Gotham grumbler.

Criticism of genius is the trademark of the ignoramus.

JACK RUSSELL

Pittsburgh

● Thanks, but mind your words about the *Daily Racing Form*, an eminently literate sheet which paid tribute to Faulkner in a trackside interview at Churchill Downs.—ED.

NICE GUYS PAY THE PRICE

Sir:

Your articles on Leo Durocher (81, May 23, et. seq.) are fascinating... the note which strikes me most about the account of Leo the Lip is his statement, "Nice guys finish last."

Now I think "Nice guys finish last" poses the enigma of all existence. A number of spiritual mentors preach the philosophy that good deeds will be returned and many of us expect to be treated in kind on this earth. Others suggest that the rewards lie in heaven only, that goodness on earth cannot necessarily be expected to produce equal earthly rewards. But Lippy and many others don't think so.

Durocher exemplifies the man who sets out to achieve a single goal, giving little thought to simultaneously achieving others and disregarding consequences not immediately related to the achievement of the single goal.

Nice guys might finish last, but it takes one devil of a lot of nice guys to keep the world on an even keel so the guys who aren't so nice get a chance to win. And, as aptly illustrated in the Durocher biography, it's the nice guys and gals who pay the price for his victory.

KARL E. BRANDT

Wilmington, Del.

THE FACTS, PLEASE

Sir:

In Part I of the Durocher Story (81, May 23), Mr. Shapiro is evidently preparing a movie script with an all-star cast—"Cobb was on first and Tris Speaker was at bat."

In the words of Durocher's Joe Friday, give us the facts, please. What team was this with Cobb and Speaker in the same outfield?

JOHN S. SPEAR

Los Angeles

● Here are the facts, Sir: It was the 1928 Philadelphia Athletics. Cobb, after 22 years with Detroit, went to Philadelphia in '27. Speaker joined the A's in 1928 after playing nine years for Boston, 11 for Cleveland and one for Washington. Tris Speaker was then 40, Cobb 42, and it turned out to be the last major league year for both. Dum-Da-Dum-Dum.—ED.

continued on next page



"Help!"

TEE AND SYMPATHY

Sirs:

Mr. Wind's report on the 15th Walker Cup match at St. Andrews (SI, May 30) was in his usual excellent manner and, as usual, I enjoyed it very much. In my opinion it is the shot-to-shot description, sometimes mentioning the type of club used, that makes these articles especially interesting to the average golfer. Before you know it, you find yourself playing his shots, and when he "sprays" one—you sympathize with him and yourself.

I also enjoyed the picture of the course, and SI didn't break what seems to be an unwritten law against showing any "warmth" in that particular course. It is the coldest-looking place that I have ever seen.

GEORGE J. BUNEL, JR.

Kansas City

FORE:

Sirs:

Mr. Herbert Warren Wind has written a very fine article on the Walker Cup match. His feature left no other thought in my mind than that of participating with him in observing the match.

DONALD M. CAMPBELL

Detroit

AVE. CARRO

Sirs:

There is an old Latin saying that goes something like this: *Mentari Te Salutem*—meaning "We who are about to die salute you." At the rate boxing is going it might be a good idea to say it. A few years ago I thought that the sport of boxing was clean, in and out of the ring. I can thank SI for teaching me what kind of a sport boxing really is. I guess this is all history to you. After all, you know who all the crooks are as well as I do. I just hope you will be in on the kill.

STEPHEN HALPERT

Providence, R.I.

FOR THE RECORD

Sirs:

In the wrestling piece *It's a Gaudy Show* (SI, April 11), you mentioned the title match between Frank Gotch and George Hackenschmidt of 1908 in Chicago and said the match went an hour and nothing approaching a hold had been gained by either man.

For your information, my older brother and I, both now living here in Los Angeles, were at that match. It took less than three minutes and Gotch had Mr. Hackenschmidt on his back and the match was over.

It is possible your writer was not even born at the time, so let's keep the record straight.

CLARENCE H. BUSH

Los Angeles

● SI's account of the 1908 Gotch-Hackenschmidt match is correct. Mr. Bush's memories are probably of the only other time the two met: in 1911 Gotch threw his man in 14 minutes and walked off the winner in an additional 16 minutes.—ED.

THAT HILL IN OUR BACKYARD

Sirs:

I was most interested in SI's issues containing Tenzing's story.

Tenzing came here to St. Joseph's College recently to show us films of the two Swiss expeditions of '52 and '53 and of the British expedition of '53. We told him of the first impact in Darjeeling of SI's articles, especially his account of reaching the summit, and he was delighted.

Many feared Ullman's efforts would perpetuate bitterness about the Everest climb; but rather they dealt it a death blow: the passage about who got there first belongs to the ages.

You may be interested in a new sport: tele-operally searching for and watching climbers ascending with a 28,000-foot summit. Just now Dr. Evans' party is on Kanchenjunga, 45 miles from here but fully in our field of vision. We have a 9-inch reflector telescope trained on camps 4, 5 and 6. Clouds interfere often, and it's a gamble whether we'll see the final assault at the top. The enclosed snapshot shows the school and hill in our backyard, Kanchenjunga.

M. STANFORD, S. J.

Darjeeling, India



DARJEELING'S ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

● For the latest news from Father Stanford's backyard see page 11. The complete account of Kanchenjunga's conquest, written for SI by Dr. Charles Evans, leader of the successful expedition, will appear in an early issue.—ED.

TWO LITTLE LINES

Sirs:

When I first read about SI, I thought it was the answer to one of my personal prayers. You see, I am a motorcycle enthusiast and I thought at last I would be able to get motorcycle race results within a week instead of waiting, in some cases, as long as a month. But, alas, not so. In your schedule of coming events you cover the motorcycle field fairly well, but the following week you never give the results. A recent example of this was the National Grand Prix races on Catalina Island, which took place on a Saturday and Sunday and could easily have been reported in the issue for the following week. Mind you, I am not hating the editing like some have done because you did not cover their favorite sport, because I realize that motorcycle racing is considered a relatively minor sport by most people and has a very limited national appeal. I suffer in silence while page after page

of color coverage is given baseball, tennis, track, etc.

I can't expect baseball-type coverage; I just want a little two- or three-line item in some inconspicuous place way in the back, hidden behind a beer ad or the like. You give big coverage to most of the big auto events, which is right; but some of the motorcycle events are just as important.

There is one group of races coming up soon that I wish you would make a special effort to report. They are the International Tourist Trophy races to be held on the Isle of Man on June 6, 8 and 10. The races are the most important motorcycle events in the world, and I hope you will see fit to treat them accordingly.

In closing let me say that you have a great magazine. Let's just make it a little more well-rounded. Since it is exclusively a sports magazine, let's put everybody's sport in it.

GUY B. HOLT JR.

Shreveport, La.

● SI reported the ordeal of at least one winner at Catalina in WONDERFUL WORLD, June 6. We are well aware of that important Isle of Man race, but also note that this is the week of the Le Mans sports car classic in France, the Yale-Army vs. Oxford-Cambridge track meet in London, the Canada Cup golf tournament in Washington, a bantamweight title fight in Los Angeles, a Yankees-Indians doubleheader in Cleveland and the Belmont Stakes in New York. But Mr. Holt can count on seeing the Tourist Trophy results in SCOREBOARD.—ED.

WHO WAS THIS MAN?

Sirs:

On June 23, 1875 a man died and was buried in the little town of Gamakurleby, Finland. On June 23, 1955 the citizens of Gamakurleby will commemorate this date and honor this man by placing a new stone, with an inscription, on his grave.

Who was this man who is being so honored, 80 years after his death, by people who could not possibly have known him in his lifetime? A great writer, poet, musician, scientist? Or, perhaps, a statesman or a man renowned in war? He was none of these. His name was Jackson Haines and he was an American. And why is he remembered? The inscription on the stone to be placed on his grave will tell. It will read: "In remembrance of the American Skating King."

I do not know exactly where you could find much factual data about Jackson Haines or his life. I have read that he was born in the Middle West, lived much of his life in New York and went to Europe in 1864. Irving Brokaw, in his book *The Art of Skating*, published about 1915, says, "In 1864 Jackson Haines went abroad and electrified all Europe with his figure skating and remained there until his death." He goes on to say, "The International Style, which some persons ignorantly consider to be a product of the other side [Europe], is in reality the European development of American skating, carried to the Continent in the winter of 1864-65 by Jackson Haines of New York, who was a dancing master and who had less enthusiasm than his contemporaries." [The New York Skating Club

and the Philadelphia Skating Club and the Canadian Skaters) for the invention of one-foot, continuous figures, many of them made in small, kicked circles."

So, when Sonja Henie came to America in 1935 and gave new life to figure skating here, she was merely repaying us for what Jackson Haines had done in 1864. And it is a noteworthy coincidence that at the present time the figure skating champion of the world is Hayes Alan Jenkins of Colorado College who is a worthy successor of Jackson Haines and well deserving of the title, American Skating King.

There are not many people who are remembered and honored 80 years after they have passed away and you would have to think awfully hard to find any sports figures among them. But little Gamlakarleby, Finland remembers The American Skating King and will pay him honor on June 23, 1955. I think that is news and I hope you do too.

HARRY N. KEIGHLEY

Evanson, Ill.

• Jackson Haines not only developed the major movements used in figure skating today (the sit spin is officially called the Jackson Haines spin), but also pioneered modern skate design.

The American Skating King was born in 1840 to a well-to-do New York family. An energetic, dapper young man with blue eyes and curly chestnut hair, he cut a fancy figure on Eastern rinks, becoming U.S. Champion in 1863.

Haines's contemporaries admired his innovation of skating freely and gracefully to music and his adoption of leaps and paces from the ballet, but themselves stuck firmly to hacking around the rink in stiff and apprehensive circles.

In 1864 Haines took his ideas to Europe. London received him with mild interest; Stockholm and other Scandinavian cities were enthusiastic and in Vienna the man and the moment met: Haines invented the art of waltzing on skates. His flowing, continuous style of linking one figure into the next led to the development of the Vienna school of skating, from which emerged the International Style. For

11 years Haines reigned as a European celebrity. Rinks and babies were named in his honor; decorations and distinctions were showered on him.



KING JACKSON HAINES

In 1876, while traveling by sled from St. Petersburg to Stockholm, Jackson Haines was caught in a snowstorm, developed pneumonia and died shortly thereafter.—ED.

ORCHIDS ALL AROUND

Sirs:

John Bentley has done a remarkable job in reporting the splendid sports car races at Cumberland, Md. I, for one, am pleased that you are paying such close attention to this wonderful, fast-growing, amateur sport.

One orchid is certainly deserved—and that to the Chief Pit Steward, Steve Roberts of Pittsburgh, who marshaled all those temperamental rags (284) and drivers (272) with hardly a hitch and so fast every time. Even the accident during the 16th race held up the schedule only 10 minutes—and the 11th race was over practically on time.

So, with "America's biggest event ever"

and a record turnout of competitors and spectators—WATCH OUT, WATKINS GLEN!

STANLEY R. MARSH

Pittsburgh

THE RETURN OF BERNARD HONAN

Sirs:

Last fall, in all innocence, I wrote you a letter (which you published) complaining that I, the TV football viewer, was low man on the football totem pole. Much to my amazement it produced several months of acrimonious debate in your columns over the NCAA's stand on televised football, in which my name appeared repeatedly, generally as a lenth-home adjective. Bernard Honan, many of your readers said in effect, is a jerk. Let him get up from his chair in front of the TV set and get out to the football games he wants to see, even if the fresh air kills him.

Well, thanks in small part to my sounding off and your continued interest in the subject, I am no longer the low man on the totem pole. The morning paper shows an AP dispatch saying that the Big Ten conference has signed a contract with CBS to televise five first-rate games on the regional basis agreed to by the NCAA. It's getting pretty hot around here, but my thoughts have winged beyond summer to the wonderful fall afternoons in front of the TV set watching such teams as Iowa, Ohio State and Michigan. I owe it primarily to you.

BERNARD HONAN

Lebanon, Ind.

BAREFOOT TO DES MOINES

Sirs:

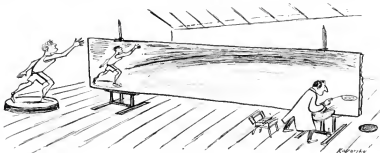
It may come as something of a shock to Brooklyn's Carl Furillo when he learns that, while doing pasture patrol for the Flatbushers, somebody else moved his home town out to the corn country. One of the office girls on our staff lives a stone's throw from Carl's old stomping grounds, and if she commutes daily between here and Iowa, I'll walk barefooted to Des Moines (and I'm not a country boy!).

Putting Stony Creek Mills in Iowa is like putting Reader Taylor's Stovall in North Dakota.

JACK RYAN

Reading, Pa.

• A typesetter's finger slipped an inch and moved Stony Creek Mills from Pa. to Ia.—ED.



PAT ON THE BACK

CHICK EVANS OF GOLF, ILL.

Back at the turn of the century, prominent Chicagoans used to leave work early, hop a train, get off in the prairie north of town and take a 28-minute survey ride to the Glenview Golf Club for an afternoon round. In due time the prairie stop became known as Golf, Ill. Last month to tiny Golf (pop. 258) came a parade of the game's enthusiasts to dedicate a \$90,000 colonial brick building, new headquarters of the Evans Scholars Foundation. Named for 64-year-old Golfing Great Chick Evans (1916 National Open champion), the fund provides scholarships for deserving caddies. Since 1930 nearly 400 boys have been aided. Dedication Day at Golf was a big affair. Trains no longer stop at Golf, but there was a special stop that day (actually the engineer forgot, overshot the station, had to back up). Chick himself was there, looking fit (still active, he got to the third round of last week's British Amateur before losing). He and friends piled into their same old survey and rode to the new building, where ceremonies were duly held and the Evans fund enriched by a \$12,100 contribution from the National Golf Fund.



WIELDING THE WHIP, Chick Evans pilots survey to ceremonies. With him are former State Amateur Champions Jim Standish of Detroit (rear), Ned Allis of Milwaukee.



TRAIN MAKE SPECIAL DEDICATION STOP AT SUBURBAN GOLF, ILL.



EVANS, FOUNDATION CHAIRMAN CARLETON BLUNT AND NEW BUILDING

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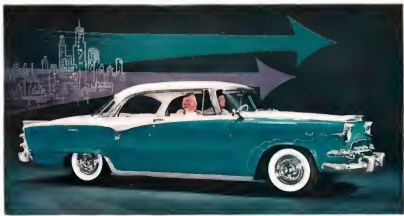


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New Dodge Custom Royal Lancer . . . most glamorous car on the road

What's all this talk about "Price Class"?

It gets to be a little confusing—this talk about "price class."

Take that dashing Custom Royal Lancer up above. People who usually pay a thousand dollars more for a car are asking, "What more could I get?"

Money can't buy more flashing style, dashing beauty, exciting features.

Then take the Dodge Coronet 4-door sedan shown below. A really big car

in every way—up to a foot-and-a-half longer than the so-called "lowest priced" cars. Big in V-8 power. Big in luxury. Big in solid comfort.

But the shocker is this: You can own this Dodge sedan for less than many models in the small-car field!

Price class? Forget it! The new Dodge is stealing hearts in every "bracket." Don't let anything keep you from yours! See your Dodge dealer.



DODGE



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55th National Open Golf Tournament
 on NBC TV—Saturday, June 18th
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New Dodge Coronet V-8 Four-Door Sedan . . . value buy of the year

